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The Shape of Things

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NEWS OF THE DEATH OF PAUL Y. ANDERSON comes just as we go to press with an issue which contains as usual one of his excellent letters from Washington. This letter in itself is a little monument to his vigorous, bright, and humorous spirit, though its very liveliness makes all the more incredible and shocking the realization that it will be the last we shall have from his crusading typewriter. His place, not only in *The Nation's* pages, but in the corps of American journalists, will not easily be filled. Throughout a journalistic career already long and distinguished in proportion to his forty-five years, he was an unrelenting fighter for the good life in its highest social sense, and his deft and driving style made him doubly effective. It is hard to lose him at a time when the Paul Andersons are as rare as they are essential in a continuing battle. We shall miss him as friend and as collaborator more than we can say.

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THE LIMA CONFERENCE MAY BE A TURNING point in pan-American relations if Chile's proposal ruling out force in the collection of international obligations is adopted. While many of the Latin American delegations are persuaded of the need for joining with the United States in concerted measures for continental defense, they find it difficult to forget the years in which the armed forces of the United States were useful primarily as bill collectors in the Latin American republics. The agreement between the United States and Mexico on the expropriated lands is reassuring, but such countries as Chile, Bolivia, and Mexico, faced with the necessity of wresting their vast natural resources from foreign control, wish to crystallize the Good Neighbor policy in a form that is binding on future American Administrations. Acceptance of the Chilean proposal will doubtless be fought in this country by the interests which have mulcted Latin America during the past half-century. But it would be a concrete and important step for genuine hemispheric unity on a basis of equality, as opposed to domination of Latin America by the United States; it would strengthen progressive countries to the south of

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us; and it would take the wind out of the sails of the Rome-Berlin propaganda corps now openly at work in Lima trying to sabotage the conference by playing up the menace of Washington imperialism.

*

THE SUPREME COURT'S DECISION IN THE Consolidated Edison case makes the first serious breach in the National Labor Relations Act. Consolidated Edison, the largest public utility in the New York City area, has one of the country's worst labor records. When the NIRA, with its Section 7-a, was enacted, the reaction of Consolidated Edison was to organize a company union. A week after the Supreme Court, in the Jones and Laughlin Steel case, upheld the Wagner Act, the company union was abandoned. Consolidated Edison then passed over a C. I. O. union that had, at great sacrifice, organized many of its employees, and signed a contract with Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. As far back as 1924 Local 3 had an agreement with the company *not* to organize its workers; its militancy may therefore be imagined. It signed a contract first and organized afterward—with company help. The Labor Board invalidated the contract and was upheld in the Circuit Court. The Supreme Court held that the company was subject to the Wagner Act, though an intrastate utility, but that the board had exceeded its powers in voiding the contract. Black and Reed dissented from this portion of the decision. Whether it rests on a technical point of procedure, easily corrected, or on a narrow view of the board's powers is not yet clear. If the latter is the case, the door is opened wide for similar contracts between unscrupulous employers and unscrupulous labor leaders.

*

FATHER COUGHLIN'S NAZI SYMPATHIES were made clearer than ever in his broadcast of last Sunday. But what is his relationship to Henry Ford? On November 30 Ford issued a signed statement declaring that his acceptance of a medal "from the German people does not, as some people seem to think, involve any sympathy on my part with Nazism." On December 4 Coughlin read a statement by Harry Bennett, Ford's anti-union personnel manager, declaring that Ford did not mention Nazism. After the broadcast Bennett confirmed this but denied Father Coughlin's statement over the air that "Ford said he believed there was little or no persecution in Germany," thereby deepening the impression that Coughlin, who has become an American outlet for Goebbels, is also on the friendliest terms, if not with Ford, then with Harry Bennett, whose spy system is also famous. The greatest individualist of them all, whose mental processes have never run as smoothly as the assembly lines in his factories, seems to have fallen between two "stools."

ACCORDING TO THE ADVANCE PUBLICITY, last week's Washington meeting of the Republican National Committee was to signalize the ascent of the "young progressives" into the party's higher councils; instead the gathering reflected the kind of economic realism embodied in Calvin Coolidge's warning that unemployment occurs when a great many people are out of work. In the most decisive test of strength Daniel O. Hastings, ex-Senator from Delaware, was named to fill a vacancy on the National Committee. Hastings, a liability to any party, served the du Ponts so ardently in Washington that the voters turned out in huge numbers to block his reelection. Yet he was chosen for the committee over Kenneth Simpson, who had deviated from the party program by fraternizing with laborites. Although this step enraged even the patient New York *Herald Tribune,* it amply demonstrated that—between campaigns at least—Messrs. Hamilton, Hilles, and Company still occupy the driver's seat. This return to "normalcy" must have nettled Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts, who had just promised to introduce a proposal for a lavish increase in old-age pensions, thus keeping faith with the credulous Townsendites. To be or not to be demagogic remains the crucial issue tormenting the Republicans, but it is clear that their handful of authentic progressives are in the wrong party.

*

DESPITE THIS REPUDIATION OF "LIBERALS" at the Washington meeting, "resurgent Republicans," according to *Barron's,* the financial weekly, "are toying with a brand-new issue which, they hope, may smack the New Deal by a blow to the point where it has always been strongest—the vote of the average man." After this introduction we learn with a sense of anti-climax that this revolutionary idea is nothing more than our old friend "profit-sharing." Under the sponsorship of Senator Vandenberg, still aspirant to the Republican nomination in 1940, a Senate subcommittee is now investigating its possibilities as a way of producing a more equitable distribution of income and of stimulating purchasing power and employment. Obviously, if this does prove the way of economic salvation, some means must be found of translating it into a practical political plank. The Republicans could hardly advocate such a step toward regimentation as the compulsory installation of profit-sharing by all industries. Equally a mere appeal to the social conscience of employers would have no vote-getting value. Senator Vandenberg apparently believes he can solve this dilemma by means of "incentive taxation"—that is to say, by rewarding corporations which adopt profit-sharing with a rebate in normal taxation. Unhappily for him his business witnesses are not proving cooperative. Lammot du Pont, for instance, not only criticized profit-sharing but came down heavily against "incentive taxation" on the ground that the principle, once established, could

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"readily be used for ends definitely harmful to business." We offer the Senator our commiserations. But he should have known that Republican hounds who try to run with even the feeblest liberal hare are apt to get their tails bitten.

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EVIDENCE THAT THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT is belatedly awakening to the economic implications of Munich may be seen in the plan of the Secretary of Overseas Trade "to fight Germany at its own game" in the trade war now developing. Several recent happenings have combined to stimulate Britain to action. Perhaps the most substantial is the report that King Carol is prepared to negotiate an agreement whereby Germany would obtain large quantities of Rumanian wheat and oil in exchange for machinery and technical assistance, thus securing for itself a virtual monopoly of the Rumanian market. As if to add insult to injury, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht has publicly denounced "antiquated, pre-war ideas" of trade and vigorously defended the Nazi plan of controlled bilateral barter which, supported by heavy subsidies, has gained a strangle-hold on the markets of Central Europe. Although the details of the British counter-plan have not yet been announced, it is probable that industries will be asked to set up pools to finance competitive exports. Eventually, government subsidies will presumably be required to support this trade. Any indication of a stiffening of British policy against Nazi gangster tactics is reassuring. But there is little to be said under the circumstances for the decision to fight fire with fire. And it is ironical that within a fortnight after the signing of the British-American trade pact, bolstering the liberal trade policies of Secretary Hull, Great Britain should threaten to destroy those policies by experimenting with the diametrically opposite tactics of the Nazi regime.

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THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF NAZI trade tactics were clearly portrayed in Thomas Ybarra's series of articles on German commercial penetration in Brazil which recently appeared in the New York *Times*. Germany's total trade with Brazil has been tremendously stimulated by its barter agreement with the Brazilian government, under which German manufactured articles are traded for coffee and cocoa. Transactions are carried on in "compensation marks," which, since they are valueless in international exchange, are subject to manipulation in Germany's interest. But if Mr. Ybarra's analysis is correct, the temporary advantage which Germany has gained by its high-handed methods has provoked such resentment in Brazil that many traders are turning to American products. It should be evident that any effort by the United States to compete with Germany by export subsidies, a two-price system, or other totalitarian trade tactics, would similarly injure American prestige. This is not to suggest that the United States should not seek by all legitimate methods to hold and extend its markets in South America. But it would be useless for this country to enter the Lima conference with a broad program for liberalizing economic and political relations throughout the American continent if, at the same time, we denied this principle in our own relations. Fortunately, Secretary Hull is fully aware of this fact.

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THE EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENTS OF THE New York *Times* have, for the most part, been brilliantly successful of late in their most difficult task of collecting and interpreting the news. It is with regret therefore that we have to point out a conspicuously black sheep within their ranks. With so many important happenings in France it is distressing that our greatest newspaper should be so inadequately represented there. More and more P. J. Philip, head of the *Times's* Paris office, is devoting his cables to publicity for French reactionaries. During the strike (dealt with by Mr. Werth on another page) he faithfully relayed official handouts. He swallowed greedily propaganda about the revolutionary inspiration of the strike and willingly saw a Communist behind every bush. It has been hard to find in his dispatches any reflection of the workers' legitimate indignation at the Reynaud program, which curtails their rights while trying to get the cooperation of capital by prospects of greater profits. Nor did he adequately report the disillusionment that after Munich destroyed all confidence in Daladier's ability to lead "a strong and united France." We do not doubt that Daladier's prestige needs rebuilding in America, but we do not see why a newspaperman should select this as his primary task.

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THE EDUCATOR'S ANNUAL LAMENT OVER THE business of football is contributed this year by President Robert Maynard Hutchins of the University of Chicago writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Although there is much that is persuasive in his diagnosis, Dr. Hutchins's plea for abandonment of huge stadiums, staggering gate receipts, and the wage system for players will be savagely greeted. His proposal for a ten-cent admission fee to football matches will be fair game for those who consider the sum excessive for Chicago's brand of play; there will even be philistines to detect professionalism in magazine writing; some connection between Chicago's stress on Aristotelianism (we mean the university) and these seditious proposals will be ferreted out. Our own emotions are mixed, largely because Dr. Hutchins's case has been so often, so persuasively, and so futilely made. It is as true as it ever was that the game should be given back to the boys, and their education to the educators. But it is doubtful whether even the young and agile Hutchins can buck the line for a first down.

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France Pays for Munich

AT NO time since the World War has France gone through such a week as the one just past. It started with a series of sitdown strikes in vital industries; saw an attempted nation-wide general strike crushed by the illegal use of the army and heard the summoning of a rump Parliament threatened; and ended with a wholesale lockout, a maritime strike of unusual effectiveness, and a first-rate row with Italy over the latter's demand for French territory. And in the midst of an internal struggle which threatened at times to develop into civil war, Daladier found time to make final arrangements for the visit of von Ribbentrop for the purpose of signing the new Franco-German accord.

All these events are obviously part of the price that France must pay for Munich. If Daladier is to pursue a policy of conciliation and collaboration with the dictatorships, he must first throttle the working class. The effort to do so by a number of high-handed decrees provoked a succession of sitdowns which, because of the drastic methods utilized to crush them, culminated in the showdown on November 30. Mussolini immediately took advantage of France's domestic discord to act in accordance with standard dictatorial strategy. Il Duce has no intention of provoking a war with France to gain Tunisia, Corsica, Nice, or Savoy. But neither did Hitler have any intention of going to war to obtain Austria or the Sudeten areas of Czechoslovakia. The dictators believe—and all the evidence is on their side—that a continuous reiteration of their demands, coupled with violent sword rattling, will eventually achieve their objectives without recourse to armed force. It is likely that Mussolini's immediate objective is not anything as remote as the cession of Tunisia, Corsica, or Nice, but the granting of belligerent rights and various other concessions to Franco. In any case the strategy is a tested one.

Confronted by these tactics Daladier and Chamberlain continue to act as if they were puppets in a play prepared by Hitler himself. Balked in his efforts to make peace with Mussolini, Daladier has turned toward an "agreement" with Hitler. Chamberlain, finding it inexpedient to continue his conversations with Hitler in the midst of the new anti-Semitic outbreak, is scheduled to make a pilgrimage to Rome in January. All these events seem to follow a prearranged plan. Years ago in "Mein Kampf" Hitler declared that "a shrewd victor, in dealing with a nation that has lost is character—this means one that submits voluntarily—can count on its never finding any particular act of oppression sufficient excuse for taking up arms." Having surrendered an impregnable position when they yielded at Munich, Daladier and Chamberlain are finding that there is no point at which they can check their headlong retreat. And Hitler and Mussolini, who are above all shrewd victors, can be counted on to follow up their triumph relentlessly. As long as they do not overplay their hand to the extent of forcing an overthrow of the French or British Cabinet, they will continue to dominate not only the international scene but internal developments within the defeated democracies.

Investigating Scarcity

THE so-called monopoly inquiry has opened its hearings with testimony by three of its own experts, Dr. Isador Lubin, Willard L. Thorp, and Leon Henderson, and though they presented little that is new they repeated much that has yet to be learned. The atmosphere of the Temporary National Economic Committee's first sessions—the elaborate charts, the schoolmaster's pointer wielded over them, the interrupting question that sometimes seemed intended to impress the "professor" rather than to illuminate the point—had an undergraduate flavor. But the academic tone is likely to evaporate when the committee gets to the job of examining the actual details by which specific industries dig themselves in against the rigors of the free market.

The Lubin-Thorp-Henderson testimony was termed a prologue to the investigation, and the phrase is a helpful one. For the duty of the committee is not only to find facts but to dramatize their implications. Congressional inquiries of this kind at their best are a sort of economic morality play, graphically instructing a democratic electorate in the complex issues on which it must pass judgment. The cry of "witch-hunting" raised by the conservative press in the hope of restricting the inquiry to comfortable abstractions springs from a fear that the committee by personalizing the evils with which we must contend may turn sermonizing into effective drama.

It is encouraging to note that the stage managers of the inquiry are not neglecting the showmanship without which its discoveries would remain tedious statistics. Dr. Lubin did little more than repeat the findings of the famous studies by the Brookings Institution of America's capacity to consume. But they seemed new and they attracted attention by translation into the most elementary terms. If the 54 per cent of the nation's families which have incomes of $1,200 a year or less should have $2.25 more to spend each day, Dr. Lubin said, American industry could run at top capacity. That is as good as "$30 every Thursday." When professional economists learn to be as vivid as the crackpots, we may begin to make progress.

More than a slogan and more than startling facts will, of course, be necessary if this investigation is to make a dent in the problems which it will take up. The first three days of testimony, the clash of opinion revealed on the committee itself, and the differences among the

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experts will stir misgiving. Dr. Lubin talked of the need for increasing the purchasing power of the masses; Mr. Thorp stressed the subtler methods of control that are more important than rare cases of actual monopoly. But this diversity of approach, like the similarity between this investigation and past futilities in the field of trust busting, may easily be overemphasized. Behind the drive for the original anti-trust laws was an effort to maintain competition. Behind the Federal Trade Commission Act was a desire to control competition. The basic question for this investigation is not how to break up trusts or prevent unfair competition—these have become possible means, not ends; the basic question here, as put by Mr. Henderson, is how to utilize our productive capacity and resources fully and efficiently. The problem of ironing out the ups and downs of the business cycle, of wiping out marginal poverty, insecurity, and unemployment, is more fundamental to this inquiry, despite the name attached to it, than the problem of monopoly. "Monopoly" is but one of the difficulties.

The committee will serve a useful function by bringing to light all the devices which perpetuate scarcity. The old ones have been perfected and many new ones invented since the days of the trust busters. But whether it provides more than a nine days' wonder for the press and a new source of material for the student will depend on the power, courage, and insight of the New Deal. "The great mass of our population," Thurman Arnold said in a recent speech, "sell their goods and services and labor in the competitive markets. They buy their necessities in a controlled market." The power to buy the labor of worker and farmer cheap and sell it dear is the basis on which our great fortunes rest. True, these privileges hamper production and create distress. But it will take more than a diagram on a blackboard to end them. If there is to be better utilization of productive plant, there will have to be less right to irresponsibility in business management; if there is to be more purchasing power, there will have to be less profit.

Refugees and Economics

LET no one believe because inspired rioting has ceased in Germany that the pogrom is over. In Hitler's Reich the terror is as continuous as it is calculated. The jack-booted hoodlums perform their allotted tasks and give place to the cold inquisitors of the tax departments and the screened bullies of the concentration camps.

Nor let us deceive ourselves about the efficacy of protests, however official and strong. Unless backed by action they are no more than a form of emotional release. The only retreat the Nazis have yet made in the course of their persecutions was the halt to the wholesale deportation of Polish Jews which followed Poland's threat of retaliation in kind. We do not advocate the imitation of such methods by the democracies—that would be stooping to the Nazi level and committing

RISING TIDE

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gross injustice against innocent individuals—but we do urge that means be found to prove that pogroms do not pay.

This task is as urgently necessary as that of giving succor to the victims. With the best will in the world the hundreds of thousands of Jews still left in Germany, together with the growing number of Christians on whom the strangle-hold of terror is tightening, cannot all be provided with immediate refuge. Schemes for colonial development and mass migration must inevitably mature slowly. Meanwhile, we cannot allow those who must wait to be bled white, as the *Schwarze Korps*, organ of the S. S., proposes, until "they all become destitute and so necessarily criminals" and ready for extermination with "fire and sword." Again, it is of the utmost importance that other reactionary and anti-Semitic governments in Europe should be strenuously discouraged from following Germany's example.

America is in the best position to take a lead in this matter. We could without hardship to ourselves cut off all trade with Germany. Our exports to the Reich do not form a very large part of our foreign sales, and they are mainly composed of articles that Germany badly needs and that it cannot easily obtain elsewhere. Again, as Professor F. L. Schuman recently suggested in the New York *Herald Tribune,* we could impose a tax on all bank balances, securities, and other forms of property held here by non-resident aliens of states indulging in persecution of racial or religious minorities. Such a step would be all the more justified because German holdings are only nominally the property of individuals, having been impounded by the German government to increase its supplies of foreign exchange. According to the Department of Commerce, such German investments considerably exceed American holdings in Germany; so that while Berlin would no doubt retaliate, a confiscatory tax would make it possible to compensate American investors and yet leave a large sum for the maintenance and resettlement of refugees.

These are two substantial ways of hitting the German government in its weakest spot—its economic solar plexus—and unless sympathy is all we have to offer in this crisis we should not let lack of precedent hinder their adoption. Equally, if our horror of Nazi persecutions is really sincere, we must ask ourselves earnestly whether we are doing our share in providing shelter for the refugees.

Many suggestions have been put forward during the past few weeks for an increase in the German immigration quota, but neither the President nor any other spokesman for the Administration has given any encouragement to the idea. Liberalization of the immigration laws is an idea which most politicians regard as too hot to handle, and it would take an unmistakable demonstration of public opinion to change this attitude.

We are all too apt to make the facile assumption that every immigrant who finds a job here must be keeping one of our unemployed out of it. There are good grounds for believing this is untrue. Large sums of money which might otherwise be devoted to consumption or investment in this country are being sent abroad for the aid of refugees. To the extent that the recipients are admitted, such relief funds will be expended here. Among the refugees there are technicians and business men with ability to develop processes or even industries hitherto unknown in America. They are likely to attract capital which might otherwise be invested abroad, or even remain idle, and thus provide far more employment than they displace. This has been very clearly demonstrated in England.

In any case, fear of refugee competition for jobs need not prevent our admitting children of school age outside the quota. There are at least 60,000 Jewish or partly Jewish children in Germany in danger of starvation, forbidden an education, subjected to psychological if not actual physical terror. We cannot act too quickly if we are to save these doubly innocent victims from horrors which at best can never be wholly eradicated from their minds.

Britain has suspended its immigration laws to the extent of admitting all children whose maintenance is undertaken by private organizations or individuals, and expects to take care of some 15,000. Can we do less? There must be thousands of families in this country ready to take such children into their homes and to offer strict guarantees against their becoming a public charge. Nor would it be difficult to create an organization, privately supported, which would supervise and underwrite their care and maintenance. We urge all readers who favor the amendment of the immigration laws, at least to this extent, to write to their Congressman and the President.

Spain Must Be Fed

HUNGER in Spain has now reached a point where it is no longer a national or partisan problem but a great human disaster which can be alleviated only through coordinated official action by the civilized nations of the world. Ever since the beginning of the conflict private organizations have carried on campaigns to collect money and supplies. Various groups coordinated under the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy have sent thousands of dollars' worth of food and medical supplies into Loyalist territory; both in America and England the Quakers, continuing their great tradition of non-partisan humanitarian relief, have given aid on a large scale to the sufferers of both sides. All these organizations have paid special attention to the children, who, as always, are the innocent

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and helpless victims of war and its aftermath. These groups have no intention of slackening their efforts and must have continued support, but the need has now grown beyond the capacities of private relief. Just as it was necessary during the Russian famine to organize relief on an international scale, so it is necessary now to save the Spanish people from starvation by international action.

The sympathies of the majority in the democratic nations are with the Loyalists. But this is not an argument against feeding hungry women and children in Franco territory. On the contrary, democratic bread in Nationalist Spain might be far more effective than short-wave propaganda. As it happens, the need on the Loyalist side is so incomparably the greater that even non-partisan relief will go mainly to the aid of the republic. There are from three to five million refugees in Loyalist territory, aside from its permanent population. All are literally in the first stages of starvation. To support the move for non-partisan relief by the governments and at the same time to intensify pressure for the lifting of the embargo against Loyalist Spain is to take the most practical steps toward saving democracy in Europe.

In an effort to enlist the aid of nations as well as individuals and organizations, Ernst Toller, writer and refugee from Nazi Germany, has within recent weeks been carrying on a campaign in Scandinavia, England, and now the United States to induce the democratic governments themselves to give $50,000,000 to help the civilian population in Spain. His objective is not to compete with existing organizations but to enlarge to its necessary scope the great task of feeding Spain. His appeal has had an impressive initial success. In each country he has visited, labor organizations, churchmen, writers, teachers, and political leaders have agreed to sponsor his cause.

One of the main objectives of the groups and individuals working for Spanish relief has been to bring about the transfer of the various surpluses of food and supplies which in every country form one of the depressing elements in the national economy. A few weeks ago the Red Cross bought 60,000 barrels of flour from the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation for distribution in Spain on a non-partisan basis. The ship Erica Reed recently landed in Barcelona with 5,000 tons of wheat bought from the same source by the North American Committee. Herbert L. Matthews, in a dispatch to the New York *Times* on November 29, described the touching scenes in the schools of Barcelona when bread from American wheat was distributed; he also pointed out that the supply so far received is pitifully inadequate.

We hope the move for large scale international and official relief will receive the support it deserves from President Roosevelt and the Administration. For if hunger wins in Spain, democracy will be its first victim.

French Labor Loses a Battle

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, December 5, by Cable

THE French general strike was an immense error. The question first arose at the Congress of the General Federation of Labor at Nantes in mid-November, when Jouhaux, impressed by the indignation displayed at the Reynaud decrees and the general state of affairs, uttered the threat that such action would be taken. It was directed nominally against the decrees, but the psychological background was the discontent over Munich, especially among the Communist elements, and over the government's totalitarian tendencies as exemplified by Bonnet's projected press-lawsuit decrees. The older syndicalists were skeptical about a strike. Jouhaux himself did not seriously think of resorting to it, but hoped that the Chamber would meet about November 20, as Daladier had promised on October 4, and that the government would then be overthrown. On November 22 a majority in Parliament was clearly against the decrees, the finance committee approving them by a majority of only two after Daladier's extraordinary threat to cancel Chamberlain's visit the next day. The Socialists declared that the strike could have been avoided if Parliament had been in session and had had an opportunity to revise the decrees, but Daladier continued to postpone the convening of Parliament.

Nevertheless, the strike question was still not clear on November 24, when the grave Renault incidents occurred. The sitdown strike at the Renault plant was a quasi-spontaneous revolt of a Communist majority of the workers against the government's policy in general, including Munich and the pending visit of Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop to sign the French-German accord. The forced evacuation with tear gas, the aggressiveness of the employers, and the arrest of hundreds, followed by what amounted almost to a court martial, constituted a provocation that the C. G. T. could not ignore.

The strike was called despite the lack of unanimity and Jouhaux's hesitation, which were understandable since the government had been given a fortnight to pre-

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pare counter-measures. The official reason for the strike, namely, the decrees, was not a stimulating one. Moreover, the government's requisition orders to railways and public services and its threats to state employees bewildered the C. G. T., which, up to the day before the strike was scheduled, desperately hoped that after mediation attempts by Frossard and the war veterans some conciliating gesture would be made by the government—some face-saving move that would enable them to cancel the strike. The C. G. T. was also aware of the doubtful legality of the strike, since under the laws of December 31, 1936, and March 4, 1937, strikes are illegal if started before the introduction of the regular arbitration mechanism.

The strike failed. It is estimated that only 6,000 workers went out in the requisitioned services and state employment; many in the transport industries were individually forced by the guards to resume work. Strikers in private industry averaged 40 per cent; in stores the turnout was negligible. The most curious phenomenon was the relative failure of some predominantly Communist unions to respond to the strike call and the readiness of syndicalist unions like the printers and miners to respond fully, although they are pacifist and almost pro-Munich, and were unenthusiastic about the strike. The explanation is suggested that the Communist unions lack the disciplinary tradition of the syndicalists. With sanctions threatened and the strike's basis uncertain, the failure in the requisitioned services was inevitable, though the railwaymen were mostly Communists.

Daladier missed an opportunity to proclaim an amnesty by way of appeasement. Extensive reprisals followed in the first three days after the strike, but these threatened to become so vast, what with employers thirsting for revenge and for the recovery of their *droits sacrés,* that the government was obliged to apply the brake. Even so, the employers obtained moral satisfaction by firing hundreds of thousands of workers, subject to hiring at their discretion. Rehiring, however, is inevitable because of the shortage of labor. The number permanently discharged will probably total only a few thousand, but the employer-worker relationship will be drastically altered unless the C. G. T., now discouraged and demoralized, avoids such disintegration as occurred after the strike in 1920. The employers and the government ardently desired a weakening strike on the part of the C. G. T. and provided an easy opportunity for it. Business men are delighted to think that industry will run smoothly now, but the brutal court sentences meted out to scores of Renault workers have created bitterness. This feeling will continue unless the government, realizing that today's workers are tomorrow's soldiers, refrains from provocations like the threatened dissolution of the Communist Party.

Why Is Eden Coming?

BY ROBERT DELL

WHEN Anthony Eden's sudden and unexpected decision to visit America was announced, people naturally asked why he was coming. The question was answered by Lord Halifax, the British Foreign Secretary, in the House of Lords on November 30. He said:

> While Mr. Eden is not a minister at present, he is going to the United States with the fullest assent and approbation of the government. I have no doubt that his visit will be extremely valuable for the establishment of the same contacts that Lord Runciman was able to make in 1935.

The name of Runciman is a program in itself, and it is clear that Mr. Eden is coming here as an unofficial emissary of the British Prime Minister, perhaps for the purpose of trying to modify American opinion about the Munich capitulation. Evidently the strength of that opinion has caused alarm in London.

Neville Chamberlain could not possibly have made a better choice. Anthony Eden enjoys in the United States a popularity due to much the same causes as that of a movie star. He is young, extremely good looking, very well dressed, and has a charming manner. His admirers, it is true, would say that they base their admiration on the fact that he is a knight *sans peur et sans reproche* standing up against the Chamberlain dragon.

Let us briefly examine this claim. Mr. Eden first won popularity in America by what was supposed to be his attitude in the Abyssinian affair in 1935. He was believed to be sincerely in favor of sanctions against Italy and to be opposed in December, 1935, to the so-called Hoare-Laval plan.

What in fact was Mr. Eden's attitude in 1935? The British Cabinet, in which he was Minister for League of Nations Affairs, decided at the end of August, 1935, to apply sanctions against Italy solely for the purpose of winning the general election three months later. It intended to drop sanctions after the election. The main lines of what became the Hoare-Laval plan were drafted by Sir Robert Vansittart in September, 1935. On September 11 Sir Samuel Hoare made his famous speech before the League Assembly calling for "collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression." At that moment Sir Samuel had arrived at a complete agreement with Laval that no effective sanctions should be adopted. Immediately after the general election the Hoare-Laval plan was drafted, and in December it was signed in Paris.

There is no reason to suppose that Eden was aware of the agreement between Hoare and Laval in September, 1935, but it is hardly possible that he could have remained ignorant of it until December. In any case, as a

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member of the Cabinet he agreed to the Hoare-Laval plan, and it was he who, in the absence of Hoare in Paris, initialed the telegrams to the British ambassador in Rome and the British minister in Addis Ababa, the latter of which instructed the minister to press the Emperor of Ethiopia to accept the plan immediately.

When, after Hoare's resignation, Eden succeeded him as Foreign Secretary, British policy did not change and sanctions were abandoned. Eden has as great a responsibility for what happened as any other member of the British government. If he was sincerely in favor of stopping the Italian aggression, why did he not resign rather than agree to the Hoare-Laval plan? When Eden did at last resign rather than accept Chamberlain's Italian policy, it can hardly be said that his attitude was a strong one. Mr. Lloyd George is reported to have summed up Eden's speech on that occasion by remarking that Eden said in effect to the Prime Minister: "You are conducting the British Empire to destruction. I wish you well and hope that you may succeed."

Eden has never made any active opposition to a policy which he presumably believes to be disastrous and has never even voted against the government, although he did abstain in the vote approving the Munich agreement. Now Eden is coming to New York as an emissary of the authors of the Munich agreement which he refused to support, and Lord Halifax's remark that Eden is not "at present" a minister suggests that this visit may be a prelude to his return to office of some kind. In any case the American public will do well to be on its guard.

Economics for Congressmen

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 5

THE investigation of monopoly may yet amount to something, although it is difficult to see what. My observation of Congressional investigations, which has been fairly extensive, long ago led me to the conclusion that their chief value consists in informing public opinion. Sometimes, to be sure, they result in the apprehension of thieves and the recovery of stolen property, but that is exceptional. As a general thing the most to be hoped of such an inquiry is that it will tell the public how it has been, is being, or will be rooked. The present hearings promise little in that respect. Thus far they have set a record for dulness and ponderosity, and the chances are that even the committee members will soon take to doing their sleeping in their offices, where they can enjoy more comfort and privacy. I question whether more than one newspaper reader in a thousand has read a paragraph of the testimony, and he probably got nothing out of it except a headache. Leon Henderson, a brilliant and able man if there is one in Washington, has performed a massive job of preparation for the inquiry; the question is whether it is *too* massive. This brings us, of course, back to the fact that the basic flaw in the whole inquiry is its scope. The committee didn't merely bite off too much—it bit off a hundred times too much. A thorough study of the national economy may be needed, but public committee hearings are not suited to such a job.

However, some good will be accomplished. It is interesting and significant, for example, to learn that if industrial production were now at its 1929 peak, we should still have 7,000,000 unemployed. It should give us something of a start to reflect that the cheapest automobile might cost $2,000—with no automobile industry comparable to that which exists now—if Henry Ford and the late James Couzens had not succeeded in breaking the Selden patent. I hope that fact will impress itself on the members of the Supreme Court who have once again upheld the iniquitous radio patent pool, over the eloquent protest of Justices Black and Reed. I am informed that forthcoming evidence before the committee will disclose how patent monopolies have confined great potential industries just as the automobile industry escaped being confined. The disclosure that one-man monopolies such as the late John D. Rockefeller organized—and such as the Aluminum Company of America still maintains—have been supplanted by four-company and five-company monopolies is hardly news, although facts of that kind cannot be emphasized too often.

That there has been a terrific decline in competition is one of the commonplace facts of our economy. Assuming for the sake of discussion that it should be restored, the question is—how? Henderson's guess is that the nation is *not* in for a period of decline and stagnation. Some of us are under the impression that it is in such a period, and has been for some time. Henderson did not explain his optimism, but I have reason to believe that he hopes to "educate" business men through the present inquiry. Yet in the massive array of facts which he has assembled there certainly is no basis for that hope, and all the lessons of history are against it. There are men engaged in this investigation who are convinced that the ability of American business men to

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learn the facts of economic life is the chief remaining safeguard against Hitlerism in this country. If that is true, God help us!

The TVA investigation plods on its painful way, and only the activity of the Dies committee keeps it from being the most obscene spectacle in Washington. Chairman Donahey allowed Wendell Willkie to steal the show for a day, although to puncture his pretenses would have been child's play. Willkie made much of his "offer" to sell certain Southern power properties to municipalities at a price to be fixed by the SEC. The fact is that in a bill amending the original TVA act, and passed by the Senate, Senator Norris attempted to set up machinery for such sales—and it was beaten in the House by power lobbyists! Willkie also complained that the power companies have difficulty marketing their securities. I think he knows the explanation, but if he doesn't, here it is: the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the utility industry disclosed such unconscionable mulcting of investors that even the dumbest widows and orphans have become wary. Concerning the Black committee's revelations of the financial practices of Associated Gas and Electric, it is hardly necessary to speak. Mr. Willkie has a convenient memory. And why was poor, discredited Arthur Morgan permitted to resume the witness stand? And why does the committee allow itself to be used as an arena for the ancient battle between the TVA and the Comptroller General's office? Actually this is not an investigation at all. It is simply a case in which the power interests are prosecuting the TVA before the committee.

Anyone who thought the Republican National Committee had changed its spots—and such simple souls do exist—must be disillusioned by now. For months I have been reading treacle about the "new" Republican Party, to be directed by men of the Dewey-Simpson-Barton type. I didn't believe the treacle, and, to be perfectly candid, I wasn't exactly captivated by the type. Well, the payoff occurred in Washington last week when the National Committee met and chose an Executive Committee. Who do you suppose was the head man, the "big fellow," the Boss? Herbert Hoover, no less. He is still in the saddle, the forces allied with him are in control of the party machinery, and he is running for the nomination in 1940! Although living men cannot remember when New York didn't have a member on the Executive Committee, Kenneth Simpson was slapped all around the place and finally tossed in the ashcan, just to teach him not to be so fresh. Simpson's "liberalism," let it be remembered, is perfectly satisfactory to the New York *Herald Tribune*. If that was not sufficiently illuminating this will be. The vacancy denied Simpson was given to Dan Hastings, of Delaware. Hastings served a term in the Senate. As a Senator, he was to the du Ponts precisely what Dave Reed of Pennsylvania was to the Mellons, only more so. Hastings took pride in being more reactionary than anyone else in the chamber. He boasted of his membership in the Liberty League after it was thoroughly discredited. He was against everything—regulation of the Stock Exchange, work relief, reciprocal trade treaties, dissolution of useless holding companies. Maybe Roosevelt knew what he was doing when he sent Alf Landon to Peru.

Grover Whalen's Mammoth Circus

BY RUTH BRINDZE

PREVIEW

GROVER A. WHALEN'S Fair City looks like stage scenery after the show is over and the lights are turned on for the cleaning squad. Some of the rainbow colors, so glowingly described in the publicity handouts are streaked; the pillars of one of the buildings in the "Shelter zone" group are cracked, and in a few spots have crumbled. The World of Tomorrow out in Flushing looks exceedingly frail and highly perishable.

The Perisphere and the Trylon, the fair's theme center and trademark, are still sheathed in scaffolding. It is the two red shafts, the pylons, that now catch the eye. These sentinels stand in front of the Communications Building, with its mural that puts the entire World's Fair into its proper frame of reference.

Here, on a grand scale, is an illustration out of the pages of the *New Yorker*. A weary, leering Atlas shoulders the world like a Roman warrior disappointed with his loot. Facing Atlas is a ball-eyed lady looking into a hand mirror. She is labeled Truth. Behind the globe carrier is an exophthalmic Terpsichore dancing on a blanket held by an Indian chief. Completing the composition are zigzags symbolizing wireless communication and other figures suggestive of the remaining Muses. If you pay your 75 cents admission to see the fair next summer you'll look at this mural and not believe your eyes.

Almost everything that is being done out on Flushing Meadows is pretty unbelievable. Two years ago the place was a swamp, marked at one end by Mount Corona, a ninety-foot heap of ashes and rubbish. Now the mount

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has been leveled, the swamp filled, and along the wide avenues flanked with trees and gardens policemen on horseback, martial-looking trucks, and workers on bicycles clatter by. Lawns are already decorated with signs bearing the single word "Please." But the sublety of the sign-planning division is best exemplified by the pointers showing the way to the "Men's Smoking Room."

Visitors are not now welcome in the World of Tomorrow except on special occasions such as Armistice Day, which was celebrated with a grand turnout of the military and the flight of 500 doves of peace, a round of oratorical extravaganza marking the dedication of each exhibitor's building. On all other days the sentry at the gate turns back sightseers, who, President Whalen has found, interfere with the efficiency of the workmen.

Around the theme center the buildings are nearly completed. The Telephone Building, which was the cause of one of the strikes at the fair, is being sheathed with plasterboard, and all around you can hear the tap, tap of hammers. You miss the noise of riveters and steam shovels. With two exceptions World's Fair buildings are being built to be torn down.

According to the latest reports, the building program is three weeks ahead of schedule. But things look pretty slow in the foreign zone. The big lot where Brazil is to build a million-dollar display has not been touched; next door, the steel work of the French Building is just being bolted. Despite Whalen's many statements about the big lift that his show is giving to the cause of peace and international good-will, the wars that some of the exhibitors persist in carrying on are causing real inconvenience in Flushing. Japan is still committed to build an exhibit to "illustrate the simple yet dignified phases of Japanese life," but China's Executive Council has resolved that the "uncertainties of transportation" make even the modest participation previously planned inadvisable. The Czech display, which separates the U. S. S. R. Building from the Japanese gardens, is going to be, like the republic itself, on a much narrower strip than was originally planned. Germany will take no part in the World of Tomorrow.

Across the Grand Central Parkway, where the biggest of the industrial sideshows of Whalen's Circus are being constructed, work is moving at top speed. The General Motors and the Ford buildings, the Transportation and the Railroad buildings are bulking impressively. Windows are taboo except for a few favored structures, and the windowless elevations in the transportation center make a fine unbroken sweep. How cool these or the other exhibition buildings are going to be when the sun begins to bake Flushing Meadows is just one of the problems spokesmen for the fair do not especially care to discuss.

Right now the big worry is getting the plaster on the display buildings before the winter closes in. For Time Tears On, as Mr. Whalen says, and he is taking no chances that the World of Tomorrow will not be ready on time. The grand opening is scheduled for April 30, but actually the fair is to be completed by April Fool's Day.

Finances

Richard Whitney's name is inked out of the World's Fair bond prospectus. But it was Whitney who, as chairman of the bond committee, helped to put the fair's $27,829,500 bond issue over the top. This amount represents only a fraction of what the fair is going to cost. The latest computations show that Whalen is going to put on a $150,000,000 circus. After all, you wouldn't expect New York or, more important, Grover Whalen to be associated with any small-time proposition.

In its original financial set-up gate receipts were calculated on an estimated attendance of forty to fifty million. On the lower figure the fair would have shown a deficit of four million dollars, and on the higher one a surplus of a million. But the estimates have recently been revised, and Whalen is now talking of sixty and even seventy-five millions clicking through the turnstiles. If they do, the World's Fair Corporation will have more than enough to pay off its bonds with interest. If they don't—and even if they do—the fair may be held over for a second year.

How much out-of-town visitors are going to spend at the fair has been figured to the dollar. The average visitor is to have $70 in his purse, stay in New York five days, spend $3 a day for fair "attractions" and $4 a day for food, most of it, it is hoped, in the fair restaurants. No arrangements have been made to care for visitors who arrive with too little money. State, city, and private agencies are apparently expected to shoulder the relief problems; the fair's budget includes no appropriation for welfare work.

So far, the federal government has sunk three million in its exhibit building, and appropriated at least another million for harbor improvements in Flushing Bay; New York State has constructed a $1,700,000 permanent amphitheater, where Maestro Billy Rose will stage one of his super girl extravaganzas, and has spent four million for parkways, landscaping, and generally preparing the site for the park it is to become after the fair shuts down. New York City's building, the only one in addition to the amphitheater which is to be left standing, will cost a mere $1,200,000. If Whalen's Circus brings the billion-dollar business boom that he is prophesying, it is petty quibbling to question whether the money spent for the plaster buildings in Flushing Meadows might not have been better invested in permanent housing projects. But set up the cost of the fair against the $265,054,000 that the United States Housing Authority has lent for low-cost housing throughout the entire country, and the circus shapes up as a mighty expensive amusement.

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Fair Unfair?

As a make-work, make-prosperity project the World's Fair has been almost a complete bust for Joseph Shadgen, who started the whole thing. Four years ago he conceived the notion of celebrating the 150th anniversary of George Washington's inauguration with a World's Fair on the salt meadows near Flushing. George McAneny blessed the plan and sent him to Edward Roosevelt, now on the Whalen ambassadorial staff as commissioner to Central and South America. Edward passed him on to Nicholas Roosevelt. As the scheme grew and other important business leaders came in, Shadgen began to ask how he was going to be taken care of. He was bought off a week ago, when his action against the World's Fair Corporation was already on the trial calendar.

Shadgen was asking for $150,000, which is not far out of line considering that Whalen is drawing a salary reported to be $100,000 a year. He settled for a payment said to be $45,000 and a job as engineer until the fair closes. This is the second time Shadgen's claim has been "settled." The first time, Thomas J. Donovan, who was acting director of the legal division of New York City's NRA when Whalen was administrator, was retained to press Shadgen's claim. But Donovan convinced his client that his best bet was to sign a general release and trust to Whalen. Shortly afterward Donovan became one of President Whalen's administrative assistants, and Shadgen was given a job from which he was fired within a year. The New York newspapers have much to gain in circulation and advertising lineage from a successful fair, and although there is hardly a day without a column of news about its marvels, the Shadgen story has of course been played down. The fair's publicity experts will doubtless now redouble their efforts to make Shadgen the World of Tomorrow's forgotten man.

The lawsuit instituted by the contractors originally hired to build the Perisphere and the Trylon has likewise been kept quiet. The corporation canceled the contract on the ground that the building of the theme center was not keeping pace with Time Tearing On. The contractors say that the strikes last summer caused the delay. They are now trying to prove that their reputation will be gravely impaired if they are not permitted to complete the much ballyhooed sphere and tower, but the court, in denying an application for an injunction, discounted much of what the publicity department has been saying. The judge was not convinced that the Perisphere and Trylon constitute the eighth wonder of the world.

At the publicity offices the word "strike" is taboo. "We do not talk of such things," they say. The first strike was called early last May by Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. The electricians apparently had made a deal with the fair to buy $175,000 of bonds, members paying for their jobs by taking a proportionate share, in return for which the local was to handle all the electrical work. The men walked out first because General Motors operated one of its pre-showings with a self-contained electrical system. The second strike, which tied up construction work for three weeks, started from a dispute with the telephone company. The strike was finally settled at a meeting at which the telephone company was not represented. Since the fair is legally a charitable corporation—its profits, if any, are to be turned over to unnamed charities—its employees do not come within the provisions of the Social Security Act. The special nature of their employment entails other disadvantages for the fair's two thousand office workers. In addition to night work, attendance is required at pep sessions, at which, among other activities, the fair's theme song, "Dawn of a New Day," is sung over and over again.

There are rumors of more litigation and of mass resignations by members of advisory committees. More than a hundred of these advisory committees were set up, and each member got an official appointment on imitation parchment, signed by Grover Whalen and bearing a big gold seal. Most of the advisory committees have never held a meeting; some of them have turned into business go-getters and have taken over the rental of entire buildings.

The Advisory Committee on Consumer Interests took its advisory functions seriously, and lined up plans for a focal exhibit that would really have taught visitors a thing or two about getting their money's worth. But the plans pleased neither the business interests represented on the committee nor the fair. The fair has withdrawn its promise of financial assistance, and the sale of exhibit space in the Consumer Building is lagging far behind that in other buildings. Consumers Union has signed up for space, but its contract provides that no advertised names may be named. As fellow-exhibitors Consumers Union will have Dr. Scholl, manufacturer of corn pads, the Household Finance Corporation, which makes loans at an interest rate as high as 36 per cent a year, and the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Paul Willis, of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers, the leader of the opposition in the bitter fight over the grading of canned foods for consumers during the NRA days, is now acting chairman of the fair's Consumer Committee. Members representing government bureaus and non-commercial interests, it is rumored, will soon turn in their resignations.

Clean Fun

Whalen promises to outdo the Chicago Fair, and all others for that matter, in every way and every day. With only one exception—there is to be no Sally Rand. "No one person," proclaims a fair spokesman, "will achieve fame, I mean notoriety, from this fair."

There will be Billy Rose's show on one stage, and Shakespeare presented on another; down on the lagoon,

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the handouts promise, will be nightly spectacles which have been aptly described as "more nearly approaching chaos than anything yet conceived by man."

Then there will be a rocket ship to Mars at 25 cents a person, a South Sea island and a Cuban village, an infant incubator with fifty living babies, a midget village, a "Living Magazine Cover" exhibit (which may make up for the Sally Rand omission), and a two-acre reproduction of little old New York, including the Bowery, the notorious tenements known as McFadden Flats, Chuck Connor's saloon, and the Brooklyn Bridge with Steve Brodie making six jumps from it nightly. Stands for frankfurters, popcorn, and frozen custard will be located at strategic points. Never before has New York's Coney Island faced such competition.

There will be educational exhibits aplenty. Two hundred "aristocratic milch" cows will be regularly milked in the Borden Building, and at a safe distance prize bulls will be led around the ring. But surpassing everything will be the magic-carpet trip through the Perisphere, where for six minutes the sightseer will be allowed to look at the World of Tomorrow achieved by trick photography and lights and set to music. There will be no chance for visitors to take a second look into the future unless they pay a second admission. Visitors will be moved through and out of the World of Tomorrow on revolving platforms.

Grand Finale

When the last of the plaster World of Tomorrow buildings has been knocked down, Flushing Meadow Park will emerge as one of the biggest and best in the metropolitan area. The reclamation of the twelve-hundred-acre swamp and the leveling of Mount Corona were undertaken with this in mind. The World's Fair Corporation has only a short-term lease for its presentation of Impresario Whalen's fantasia. After that Commissioner of Parks Moses will take over. The New York City Building will be turned into an indoor-sport arena, with an ice-skating rink, basketball court, and other game rooms; the state amphitheater will be a rival of those at Jones Beach and Randall's Island. In the park, the new parkways, and the harbor development cynics may find some justification for the World's Fair of 1939. But the way the books balance now, the price seems high for these improvements.

Living Philosophies

VI. THE COMING HUMANISM*

BY THOMAS MANN

I FIND it singularly difficult to formulate, either briefly or in a more extended pronouncement, my philosophical ideas or convictions—shall I say my views or, even better, my feelings?—about life and the world. The habit of expressing indirectly, through the media of picture and rhythm, my attitude toward the world and the problem of existence is not conducive to abstract exposition. Summoned to speak, as now, I seem to myself a little like Faust when Gretchen asks him how he stands on religion.

You certainly do not mean to put me through my catechism, but in practice your inquiry comes to much the same thing. For truly I find it almost easier—in my position—to say how I feel about religion than about philosophy. I do, indeed, disclaim any doctrinaire attitude in spiritual matters. The ease with which some people let the word God fall from their lips—or even more extraordinarily from their pens—is always a great astonishment to me. A certain modesty, even embarrassment, in things of religion is clearly more fitting to me and my kind than any posture of bold self-confidence. It seems that only by indirection can we approach the subject—by the parable, the ethical symbolism in which, if I may so express myself, the concept becomes secularized, is temporarily divested of its priestly garment and contents itself with the humanly spiritual.

I read lately in a treatise by a learned friend something about the origin and history of the Latin word *religio*. The verb *relegere* or *religere* from which it is thought to be derived meant originally, in its profane sense, to take care, to pay heed, to bethink oneself. As the opposite of *neglegere* (neglect, *negliger*) it means an attentive, concerned, and careful, conscientious, cautious attitude—the opposite, as I said, of all carelessness and negligence. And the word *religio* seems to have retained throughout the Latin age this sense of conscientiousness, of conscientious scruples. It is thus used, without necessary reference to religious, godly matters, in the very oldest Latin literature.

I was glad to hear all that. Well, I said to myself, if that is being religious, then every artist, simply in his character as artist, may venture to call himself a religious man. For what is more contrary to the artist's very nature than carelessness or neglect? What characterizes more

*Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter.

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strikingly his moral standards, what is more inherent in his very being, than carefulness, attentiveness, conscientiousness, caution, profound caution—than *care*, altogether and in general? The artist, the workman, is of course the careful human being par excellence; the intellectual man is that anyhow, and the artist, using his plastic gift to build a bridge between life and mind, is but a variation of the type—shall we say a peculiarly gratifying and functional freak? Yes, carefulness is the predominant trait of such a man: profound and sensitive attention to the will and the activities of the universal spirit; to change in the garment of the truth; to the just and needful thing; in other words, to the will of God, whom the man of mind and spirit must serve, heedless of the hatred he arouses among stupid or frightened people, obstinately attached by their interests to obsolete or evil phases of the age.

Well, then, the artist, the poet, by virtue of his care not only for his own product but for the Good, the True, and the will of God, is a religious man? So be it. After all, that was what Goethe meant when he extolled the human lot in those loving-kindly words:

> Denkt er ewig sich im Rechte,
> Ist er ewig schön und gross.

Again, and in other words: for me and my kind the religious is lodged in the human. Not that my humanism springs from a deification of humanity—verily there is small occasion for that. Who could find the heart, contemplating this crackbrained species of ours, to indulge in optimistic rhetoric when his words are daily given the lie by the harsh and bitter facts? Daily we see it commit all the crimes in the Decalogue; daily we despair of its future; all too well we understand why the angels in heaven from the day of its creation have turned up their noses at sight of the Creator's incomprehensible partiality for this so doubtful handiwork of his. And yet, today more than ever, I feel we must not, however well-founded our doubts, be betrayed into mere cynicism and contempt for the human race. We must not, despite all the evidence of its fantastic vileness, forget its great and honorable traits, revealed in the shape of art, science, the quest for truth, the creation of beauty, the conception of justice. Indeed, we succumb to spiritual death when we show ourselves callous to that great mystery on which we touch whenever we utter the words "man" and "humanity."

Spiritual death. The words sound alarmingly religious; they sound deadly serious. And truly the whole question of the human being and what we think about him is put to us today with a life-and-death seriousness unknown in times that were not so stern as ours. For everybody, but most particularly for the artist, it is a matter of spiritual life or spiritual death; it is, to use the religious terminology, a matter of salvation. I am convinced that that writer is a lost man who betrays the things of the spirit by refusing to face and decide for himself the human problem put, as it is today, in political terms. He will inevitably be stunted. And not alone his work will suffer, his talent decline, until he is incapable of giving life to anything he produces. Even his earlier work, created before he thus rendered himself culpable, and once good and living, will cease to be so; it will crumble to dust before men's eyes. Such is my belief; I have such cases in mind.

Have I said too much in saying that the human being is a great mystery? Whence does he come? He springs from nature, from animal nature, and behaves unmistakably after his kind. But in him nature becomes conscious of herself. She seems to have brought him forth not alone to make him lord over his own being—that is only a phrase for something with much deeper meaning. In him she lays herself open to the spiritual; she questions, admires, and judges herself in him, as in a being who is at once herself and a creature of a higher order. To become conscious, that means to acquire a conscience, to know good and evil. And nature, below the human level, does not know them. She is "innocent." In the human being she becomes guilty—that is the "Fall." The human being is nature's fall from a state of innocence. But it is not a decline; it is rather an ascent, in that a state of conscience is higher than a state of innocence. What Christians call "original sin" is more than just a piece of priestcraft devised to keep men under the church's thumb. It is a profound awareness in man as a spiritual being of his own natural infirmity and proneness to err, and of his rising in spirit above it. Is that disloyalty to nature? Not at all. It is a response to nature's own deepest desire. For it was to the end of her own spiritualization that she brought man forth.

These are ideas both Christian and humane; and there is much evidence that we shall do well today to emphasize the Christian character of the culture of our Western world. I feel the strongest antipathy for the half-educated mob that today sets itself up to "conquer Christianity." But equally strong is my belief that the humanity of the future—that new human and universal feeling now in process of birth, drawing life from efforts and experiments of all sorts and kinds and striven after by the choice and master spirits of the age—will not exhaust itself in the spirituality of the Christian faith, in the Christian dualism of soul and body, spirit and life, truth and "the world."

I am convinced that of all our strivings only those are good and worth while which contribute to the birth of this new human feeling, under whose shelter and sway, after the passing of our present forlorn and leaderless stage, all humanity will live. I am convinced that my own strivings after analysis and synthesis have meaning and value only as they stand in groping, intuitive, tentative relation to this coming birth. In fact, I believe in the coming of a new, a third humanism, distinct in complexion and fundamental temper from its predecessors. It will not

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flatter mankind, looking at it through rose-colored glasses, for it will have had experiences of which the others knew not. It will have stout-hearted knowledge of man's dark, daemonic, radically "natural" side, united with reverence for his super-biological, spiritual worth. The new humanity will be universal, and it will have the artist's attitude; that is, it will recognize that the immense value and beauty of the human being lies precisely in the fact that he belongs to the two kingdoms of nature and spirit. It will realize that no romantic conflict or tragic dualism is inherent in the fact, but rather a fruitful and engaging combination of determinism and free choice. Upon that it will base a love for humanity in which its pessimism and its optimism will cancel each other.

When I was young I was infatuated with that pessimistic and romantic conception of the universe which set off against each other life and spirit, sensuality and redemption, and from which art derived some most compelling effects—compelling and yet, humanly speaking, not quite legitimate, not quite genuine. In short, I was a Wagnerite. But it is very likely in consequence of riper years that my love and my attention have more and more fixed upon a far happier and saner model—the figure of Goethe, with that marvelous combination of the daemonic and the urbane which made him the darling of mankind. It was not lightly that I chose for the hero of that epic which is becoming my life-work a man "blest with blessing from the heavens above and from the depths beneath."

Jacob, the father, pronounced this blessing upon Joseph's head. It was not a wish that he might be blessed, but a statement that he was so, and a wish for his happiness. And for me, it is the most compendious possible formulation of my ideal humanity. Wherever in the realm of mind and personality I find that ideal manifested as the union of darkness and light, feeling and mind, the primitive and the civilized, wisdom and the happy heart, in short, as the humanized mystery we call man, there lies my profoundest allegiance, therein my heart finds its home. Let me be clear: what I mean is no subtilization of the romantic, no refinement of barbarism. It is nature clarified; it is culture; it is the human being as artist, and art as man's guide on the difficult path toward knowledge of himself.

All love of humanity is bound up with the future; and the same is true of love of art. Art is hope. I do not assert that hope for the future of mankind rests upon her shoulders; rather that she is the expression of all human hope, the image and pattern of all happily balanced humanity. I like to think—yes, I feel sure—that a future is coming in which we shall condemn as black magic, as the brainless, irresponsible product of instinct, all art which is not controlled by the intellect. We shall condemn it in the same degree to which it is exalted in ages weak, like the one we live in, on the human side. Art, indeed, is not all sweetness and light. But neither is it altogether the dark, blind, monstrous brood of the tellurian depths. It is not just "life." The artist of the future will have a clearer, happier vision of his art as "white magic"—as winged, hermetic, moon-sib intercessor between life and spirit. For all mediation is itself spirit.

Pocket Guide

A Gallon of Gas

THE gasoline business lives in a sort of pirate world, with violent competition among the pirates. As to their merits, one brand of gasoline is about as good as another, and any brand may be better this month than it was last; it depends on the source of the crude oil and other things that you know nothing about—nor does the dealer.

Gasoline is a bulk product and therefore harder to sell by brand than a packaged product. In the beginning, gasoline was a waste product of kerosene; it was used for lighting, and you got all you could carry away for a nickel. With the coming of the automobile, the gasoline business boomed. As cars became cheaper and roads better, more gas ran out of the hose—and into the money. All the gasoline people have to do is get the highest price they can for a product no better than it needs to be. How can the customer tell whether one gas is better than another when so much depends on conditions of road, car, and air?

Getting business has come to be largely a matter of getting locations for service stations. Few drivers are likely to go out of their way for a better gas unless it is a lot cheaper. When a driver wants gas, he wants it right away. So most companies entice garages away from one another, just as the brewers used to do with saloons and as milk distributors do with stores. And if one company puts up a station, the other big companies immediately each put up one in the vicinity. On one road out of New York on the west side of the Hudson there are thirty-six filling stations on forty miles of road that are practically empty on week days.

The big oil companies invest a fortune in advertising. Socony spends about two million dollars a year; Sun Oil a million and a half; a million goes in sound and fury from Standard Oil of New Jersey; other millions from Sinclair, from Tidewater, from Continental Oil, from Texas Oil. All of it is added to the price of gas. And what does all this advertising say? Nothing. Mobile Oil shrieks with underlined words and red ink: *"faster, quicker, warmer!"* Tydol features Triple-X with lubricating oils added. Except on new cars, this is hooey. General Motors insists that you must use a high octane gas in their cars, like ethyl. More hooey. Texaco Ethyl advertises, "For speed on the road, a dry gas." What is a dry gas? In Sinclair advertising a movie star named Frances Robinson is shown gazing at Mr. Peanut, who has something to do with candy. Figure it out for yourself.

And a Good Book

I was going to tell you in this piece something about gasoline itself. But the job is done better in "Millions on Wheels," by Dewey H. Palmer, one of the technical supervisors of the Consumers' Union, and Laurence E. Crooks, a

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member of the Society of Automotive Engineers.* In a chapter on gasoline, the authors tell you what you ought to know when you buy gas. They say that unless you have a new car, you should buy the best third-grade gas you can get in your community and save perhaps $50 a year. They take the mystery out of the new magic words "octane ratings." They tell you not to throw away your money on gasoline dopes and gas-saving gadgets. And they rate brands and grades by name.

The rest of the book is packed with facts about automobiles. I learned with surprise that 90 per cent of the traveling done in America is by private automobile. But I was not surprised to read that even if the manufacturer wants to make a car that will last longer, he can hardly do so as long as he is competing with other manufacturers. The more he puts into oversize bearings, finer workmanship, and better steels, the less he can put into the showy features which bewitch the customer.

Nevertheless, they believe that the car of the future will be roomier, lighter, better ventilated, and cheaper to operate. They speculate on the possible use of the Diesel engine and on whether engines will be shifted to the rear of the car. As to the introduction of the Diesel, two factors at least bulk large: the heavy investment involved in a change of machinery and the distaste of the public for sudden radical change.

Shall we some day be able to buy a car for $400? Messrs. Palmer and Crooks think there is no such car in sight at present, but that it will appear soon, either because of strong public demand, or because people will not have the money to buy a better car. Of thirty million registered cars in the United States, twenty-one million belong to families earning $25 or $30 a week. That means that most of them are second-hand cars. And that means that most car-owners should read the chapter in "Millions on Wheels" on how to buy a used car, and, just as important, those on repairs and repair services.

With the book is a separate supplement which you can carry around with you, giving ratings on cars and accessories, including gasoline and oils.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

UNITED PRESS reports of White House plans for revision of the Neutrality Act were definitely a trial balloon, as most observers suspected. Unfortunately public response was negligible; only a scattering demonstration of approval was evident in Washington mail.

MUSSOLINI'S NEWEST colonial problem is sex. His officials in Abyssinia are alarmed because in Addis Ababa's white population of 27,000 there are seven men to every woman. Since strict racial laws prevent the marriage of whites and natives, the propaganda bureau in Italy has now launched a drive among single Italian women, proclaiming "Marriage Awaits You in the Colonies."

* Vanguard Press. $2.50.

BEFORE HITLER'S attacks upon Winston Churchill reports were current that Chamberlain was considering Churchill for a Cabinet post. Chamberlain has frequently expressed deep admiration and affection for Churchill, and it was said that he intended to bring him into the Cabinet soon. Hitler publicly—and privately—communicated his displeasure; Churchill's chances have diminished.

A GRIM struggle took place in Portland, Oregon, recently, between poverty-stricken "chunkers," who search the garbage dump for salable items, and relief recipients who have been doing the same thing. The "chunkers" insist that people with incomes be barred from competition; they further assert that garbage collectors are examining their loads and removing their meager pickings.

FOR WEEKS the *Völkischer Beobachter,* official Nazi organ, published advance announcements of an impending serial called "Attack on Germany" and advertised as a "novel of the future." One day before publication was to start, it announced that the project was abandoned; the novel, describing a future war on German soil, had violated Hitler's oft-proclaimed declaration that an enemy army could never invade Germany. The author of the novel is an army officer.

POSTER ON a London movie-house: "Chamberlain the Peacemaker—for one week only."

RECENTLY THE Aluminum Association tendered a dinner to Arthur V. Davis, aluminum king, to mark the industry's fiftieth year. Describing the event, the New York *Herald Tribune* asserted that Davis "has helped over the last half-century *in making aluminum more generally available.*" On the same page of the *Herald Tribune* was the testimony of Charles W. Nash, ex-president of General Motors, at the aluminum anti-trust trial. Nash said that General Motors eliminated aluminum from motor cars in 1915 because Davis's Aluminum Company raised the price from eighteen to thirty-one cents a pound.

WHEN "MAN'S PHYSICAL UNIVERSE," a book by Arthur T. Bawden of the College of the Pacific and Stockton (California) Junior College, was first published last year, this statement appeared on page 25: "The scientist is the only real communist." In the 1938 reprint of the book, this sentence reads: "Scientists give their knowledge to the world."

WAGES OF charwomen in universities are notoriously low and disputes over them have flared up frequently. Columbia University has been no exception; but recently a charwoman's revenge stunned university administrators. A night worker had surreptitiously run up a $130 bill by making long distance calls over the university line after the offices were deserted.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

NOT in years has the outlook for a third party been so discouraging as it is today. I am not forgetting the remarkable rise and promise of the American Labor Party in this state, or the magnificent run for Governor of Jasper MacLevy on the Socialist ticket in Connecticut, where he polled 164,000 votes. But the overwhelming defeat of Philip La Follette in Wisconsin and of Governor Benson in Minnesota cannnot be regarded as anything but a serious setback. Much will of course depend on who is nominated in the next Democratic convention, on whether President Roosevelt runs again. I have long felt that an outstanding leader is essential to the building of a new party in America, failing a great and compelling moral issue like slavery. The very multiplicity of present-day issues—economic, social, and political—confuses people and makes it extraordinarily difficult to unite any large group upon a platform. If in addition we have no leader to build around, as we had the senior Senator La Follette in 1924, when we were able to poll nearly 5,000,000 votes, the task seems almost insuperable.

In an article in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* by Irving Dilliard of its editorial staff I have found a most interesting analysis of Governor Philip La Follette's defeat. Mr. Dilliard brings out the astounding fact that the Governor was beaten not because of a revival of Republican strength but entirely because of a "stay-at-home vote, a vote of silent protest . . . not a great rise in the strength of the opposition." It seem that two years ago La Follette polled 573,724 votes and this year only 331,645, a drop of almost 250,000. The combined Republican and Democratic vote against him also fell off, coming only to 580,624 as against 632,503 in 1936, but the loss there was only one-fifth of La Follette's. In his home county, which includes the University of Wisconsin as well as the state capital, he had a loss of nearly 16,000 votes, while the opposition lost 829. In Milwaukee County the Governor lost 45,000 votes. Moreover, the stay-at-home vote was as much in evidence in the rural districts as in the urban. Mr. Dilliard thinks that all this was due to a desire to protest against La Follette's ambition to build a national party upon his Wisconsin Progressive Party. The voters apparently believed that the Governor had become "too ambitious." They also felt that he favored labor as against agriculture. Farmers were antagonized by the state Labor Relations Act, the creation of Governor La Follette. I am told that in October the Governor thought there was a possibility he would be defeated, but he believed it would only be by a small majority. He is quoted as having said that this would leave him free to organize his national party and hence would not be an unmitigated evil. But a defeat by more than 150,000 votes is not a small defeat. It is a very large one if the victim of it is aspiring to national leadership.

I suppose the Governor still feels that he will be able to carry on with his national program. To most political observers, however, there appears to be very slight hope today for a really effective third party in 1940, barring unforeseen contingencies. We shall hear increasingly that Roosevelt must be drafted for a third term because there is no one else who can lead the New Deal. Whether or not the President will consider it nobody knows except F. D. R.—this according to Jim Farley in his just published autobiography. I, for one, am unalterably opposed to the breaking of the no-third-term tradition in this era of dictators. I don't believe for one moment that there is no one else in the Democratic Party who can take the President's place. I admit that he has some remarkable qualities to be found in no one else, but if the gains of the New Deal are to be consolidated it seems to me that the country needs not only a braver and wiser man in international affairs but a really great administrator who can eliminate waste, corruption, and inefficiency, coordinate the functions of the government, put an end to partisan politics, and modernize our democratic processes along democratic, not dictatorial, lines. Mayor LaGuardia has many of the qualities needed and has, I believe, by no means given up hope of a third party—I envy his optimism.

In the past I have said that I would never again vote for a candidate of either the Democrats or the Republicans. It looks to me now as if I should have to go back on this, since there is little prospect of the Socialists running a national ticket in 1940 with any hope of making an effective protest—Norman Thomas's pitiful showing in New York State would seem to prove that. Already I am being asked whom I would favor for the Democratic nomination. My answer is that of the candidates at the front today Bennett Champ Clark seems to me by all odds the most worth while. I know that many liberals and radicals will cry out at that because he opposed the President on the Supreme Court issue and, I believe, the reorganization bill. Far more important to me is his opposition to the Roosevelt armament madness and his steadfast devotion —like his father's—to the cause of peace. I cannot believe that he would ever take a step to put this country into war. That for me is the supreme issue.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

TWO POEMS*

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Hound Voice

Because we love bare hills and stunted trees
And were the last to choose the settled ground,
Its boredom of the desk or of the spade, because
So many years companioned by a hound,
Our voices carry; and though slumber bound,
Some few half wake and half renew their choice,
Give tongue, proclaim their hidden name—"hound voice."

The women that I picked spoke sweet and low
And yet gave tongue. "Hound Voices" were they all.
We picked each other from afar and knew
What hour of terror comes to test the soul,
And in that terror's name obeyed the call,
And understood, what none have understood,
Those images that waken in the blood.

Some day we shall get up before the dawn
And find our ancient hounds before the door,
And wide awake know that the hunt is on;
Stumbling upon the blood-dark track once more,
That stumbling to the kill beside the shore;
Then cleaning out and bandaging of wounds,
And chants of victory amid the encircling hounds.

High Talk

Processions that lack high stilts have nothing that catches the eye.
What if my great-granddad had a pair that were twenty foot high,
And mine were but fifteen foot, no modern stalks upon higher,
Some rogue of the world stole them to patch up a fence or a fire.

Because piebald ponies, led bears, caged lions, make but poor shows,
Because children demand Daddy-long-legs upon his timber toes,
Because women in the upper stories demand a face at the pane
That patching old heels they may shriek, I take to chisel and plane.

Malachi Stilt-Jack am I, whatever I learned has run wild,
From collar to collar, from stilt to stilt, from father to child.

All metaphor, Malachi, stilts and all. A barnacle goose
Far up in the stretches of night; night splits and the dawn breaks loose;

I, through the terrible novelty of light, stalk on, stalk on;
Those great sea-horses bare their teeth and laugh at the dawn.

* Published by arrangement with the London *Mercury*.

ABOVE THE RIVER

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

"DID you ever see a goosey nigger? You mean you never really saw one? Boy! they're a scream. You come up behind them and—"

I had to answer the telephone. When I had finished talking he started in again: "But the metal-lath men are the tough babies. I tell you, you get to know all kinds of men working on a big job like that. Yes, sir, they're the worst. They stick together though. I happened to notice one of them missing from the regular crew one morning. 'What happened to Bill?' I said. 'Oh, he spoke out of turn at a meeting last night and we had to throw him out.' "

"What sort of meeting?"

"The union. He was one of those guys who has to chip in his two cents' worth on everything that's going on. They got sick of it but he kept on insisting until finally they turned on him and threw him out, literally. Right down the stairs. He was a mess. Then they all chipped in and took care of him until he could get back on the job again."

"Nise piple."

"Would you believe me if I told you the best bridge-construction men we have are all Indians?"

"Indians? You don't mean Hindus, do you?"

"No, sir. American Indians. They're all man, too, let me tell you. They come from Canada, most of them. They have a funny legal status, so I'm told. Not like you and me. We're just foreigners. I ain't sure but I don't think they have to have any passports or things like that, and they don't have to pay the regular taxes the way you and I do. They're the original owners of the country. Little divisions like Canada and the United States don't mean a thing to them. They're Americans. And do they know it!

"We had one on the Triboro Bridge last winter we used to call Papoose. He was a short, thickset man and

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very powerful. A sort of secondary chief or leader of some sort. You can never really find out. We had a big chief there once too, a big fellow, six feet tall and more, with a chest on him like a barrel. He was something. But this Papoose was a little fellow. You know."

"You mean to say," I broke in, "that the construction men on the big bridges that have been put up around New York City in the last few years are American Indians?"

"Yes, sir, I'm the man that ought to know. I was assistant engineer on the job for two years, I'm telling you."

"But I always thought those chaps were all ex-sailors, Scandinavians most of them."

"No, sir, American Indians. You can't beat 'em. They come down from Canada mostly in their Ford cars and stay on till they get some money, then they quit when they get ready and go back again. They ain't afraid of nothin'."

"But will they work? I've always been given to understand that the American Indian can't be adapted to the industrial age. That they won't—"

"You ought to see 'em. I suppose the kind of work has a lot to do with it. They're like cats. They go anywhere. Nothin' ever happens to 'em either. You can trust 'em with anything. Fine workers. And they mind their own business and they don't bother with anybody else's business.

"They're wise too. When these government relief agents come around looking for someone to fire so's to make room for somebody else they want to put on the job, all they say is, 'Me Indian. Me stay here.' And the God-damned agent can't do a thing about it. They tried to fire me off the job, too, but I was too wise for them. I'm from Jersey, you know, and they wanted to put a New York man on in my place. You can't fire a supervisor. The law doesn't apply to an engineer. I just thumbed my nose at them.

"Well, sir, one day we wanted to finish off a section we were pouring before Friday, so we took all the Indians off construction and put them to carrying lathing down to the metal-lath men so we could use them exclusively on their own work."

"What do you mean, metal lath?"

"You know, what they use to make reinforced concrete. Concrete alone has no tensile strength, so they put steel through it to strengthen it. The expansion coefficients of concrete and steel are about the same, 1.58 to 1.6, not enough difference to matter, so that when heat and cold hit it they never break apart from each other and—"

"Well, what happened?"

"What was I saying?"

"You said you took the Indians off construction and put them to carrying metal lath—"

"Oh, yes, that's right. We put them to bringing down loads of the metal lath by hand. Well, sir, this Papoose I was telling you about was the first one to dump his load. As he straightened up he heard one of the metal-lath men say to another—he had his back turned to them—'Here come those God-damned sons of bitches of Indians again.'

"Papoose went over to the guy and said to him, 'When you say that you say that to me. Me Indian—'

"He didn't get any farther when the guy he was talking to reached around for his pliers. I saw the whole thing. Uh uh, I said, here we go! That's the first thing you'll see one of those guys do when there's a fight. They carry their pliers in their belts the same as you see the line-men on the telephone crews around town here. They always have them in their belts, and they're a wicked weapon when they come out that way.

"But before that guy could move, Papoose grabbed him in the belly. He grabbed him from the front with both hands, took right hold of the flesh of his belly, two handfuls, and twisted his hands in toward the center till that man went right down to the ground on his knees. And stayed there!

"His pals came running to help him. But you couldn't tell where they came from, the Indians all made a circle around Papoose and the other guy, a circle facing out. That's all they did. Just like you read about with animals. And that's all there was to it. Nobody said a word. It all happened quicker than you could think. Then after a while they all went back to work again and nothing else happened for the rest of the day. That ended it."

"Grabbed him right by the belly, huh?"

"Yes, just like that. How do you like it?"

"What about the goosey nigger?"

"Oh, I'll tell you about him sometime. You got work to do. I got to get out of here."

FIVE PARODIES

BY LOUISE BOGAN

Imitation of a Novel (or a Prose Poem) by Kay Boyle

HIS eye was falling out, but he pushed it back and they went on, the trains whistling despondently in the distance, and the hens turned up in the back in the stupid way they had running under their feet.

In the morning his aunt would go into the kitchen and pick off the pinfeathers and singe them and the smell of burnt feather would go up into the air like a prayer gone putrid. O, she did some singeing in those days, and some singing too. O Kathleen Mavourneen and The Harp That Once and Danny Boy and Down Went McGinty and Is That Mister Reilly They Think of So Highly. Wiping her tears from her handsome cheeks with her apron-strings, and fighting with the salt cod, and it stiff as a board on the table.

But now he said No, Brooklyn Bridge in his mind, and the toy trains blue as pansies, caught in the Metro. The bridge, three times as big as a harp and twice as soundless. "Let's

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get the hell out and pay the difference and hear (he said) whatever's weaving and droning, whatever's doing and waving. And I am a wasp in some ways," he said, "or who knows?" The arc lights were opening and shutting, and attracting moths. All the sluices opened and water fell through them back to silence or its derivative.

Let's go to Dijon, they said.

The full lips hanging off them. Once in Marseille I had seen the same; the livers hanging up in the streets where the nice boys prowled, their hair black as Spahis or patent-leather boots. The thick blood-filled livers, cut off from their source, lying on the marble and draped with white butcher's linen embroidered with red daisies and the word *amertume.*

So Two *fines,* we said and his wrist fell. The wrists taut as catgut, with the nails brilliantly painted on them and the hair falling over them like a combination of poodle's wool and old watercress. Who am I, the wrists said, and the ankles did not reply. The ankles, clothed in stockings from the Hebrides, patterned in diapers, in diamonds, in triangles, in half-squares, in patterns of tic-tac-toe. These socks, so sturdy and strong that they seemed to keep the man up, to infuse into him that strength long since blown free in Ashtabula, in Eze, in the Varennes. The pattern of the dirty coat came down to meet the pattern of the clean socks and a synthesis was there accomplished, something creeping off and seeking the indeterminate, and shaking.

He scratched his ear as it lay, suppurating and important, just back of his cheek and above the side of his neck.

Then the train came in and we saw it sighing like a saint upon its beautiful rails curved like a long S with a q and an L in it, written in Palmer Method. The ecstasy of the long silent shining monogrammed rails.

I'm going to take that narrow-faced bastard, he said, the courage running out of him like grease.

Evening in the Sanitarium (Imitated from Auden)

The free evening fades outside the windows fastened with decorative iron grilles.
The lamps are lighted: the shades drawn: the nurses are watching a little.
It is the hour of the complicated knitting on the safe needles; of the games of anagrams and bridge;
The deadly game of chess; the book held up like a mask.
The period of the greatest weeping, the fiercest delusion is over.
The women rest their tired half-healed hearts; they are almost well.
Some will stay almost well forever: the blunt-faced woman whose thinking dissolved
Under academic discipline: the manic-depressive girl
Now leveling off; one paranoiac afflicted with jealousy,
Another with persecution. Some alleviation has been possible.

O fortunate bride, who never again will become elated after childbirth!
O lucky older wife, who has been cured of feeling unwanted!
To the suburban railway station you will return, return,
To meet forever Jim home on the 5:35.
You will be again as normal and selfish and heartless as anybody else.

There is life left: the piano says it with its octave smile:
The soft carpets pad the thump and splinter of the suicide to be.
Everything will be splendid: the grandmother will not drink habitually.
The fruit salad will bloom on the plate like a bouquet
And the garden produce blue-ribbon aquilegias.
The cats will be glad: the fathers feel justified: the mothers relieved.
The sons and husbands will no longer need to pay the bills.
Childhoods will be put away: the obscene nightmare abated.

At the ends of the corridors the baths are running.
Mrs. C. feels again the shadow of the obsessive idea.
Miss R. looks at the mantel-piece which must mean something.

Imitation of a Poem by Frederick Prokosch

Sweet on the stem hangs the enhoneyed pear
And the world gives its soft tune off, turning in the stream
Of the hushed zodiac. Asia and Africa
Yearn on the subtle map.
Girls bathe their breasts
In the Himalayas, having for a moment dropped
The woven scarves that enwrapped same.
O Orion,
We sit on the bench, O love, while over us slips and slides
The deliquescent and enamored firmament.

Empty Lyrics

I. PLAIN

Forever and forever and a day
I shall be holding what I do not prize
Under the light of your deliberate eyes
Which hide so much more than they dare to say.

So let us take this hour's little doom
Unto ourselves, with all most eager speed.
Be comforted, for always, at your need,
I shall be sitting in the living-room.

II. FANCY

Forward the line angling devious to
artifice, lapped outward sadly
to where it was. The serious young terror
holds to a brink through the noticeable drenching
of unsuffering insuperables.
Jaded to themselves

The ministerial arcades
huge with
the wrong rumor
and totally woven skulls rap
more fully into the
tessellated grievances

By which escalade is proved.

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BOOKS

A Call to Action

IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK. THE NEED FOR A MILITANT DEMOCRACY. By Max Lerner. Viking Press. $2.50.

MAX LERNER is one of the outstanding political thinkers and journalists of the left wing of American democracy. His first book is, as was to be expected, a brilliant piece of writing, revealing at the same time the incisiveness and directness of a keen observer of his own time and the thoughtful reflectiveness of a highly trained political scientist. Many readers will agree with the general aim of his arguments; some, like the reviewer, would have put the emphasis differently as regards the fundamental problems; all of them will be impressed by the courageous sincerity of the book and the exciting liveliness of its style.

Professor Lerner sees liberalism, which for decades has been trying to go along as a body of ideals "on an impossible economic and political base," now changing this base. "The great political task of our generation is the task of giving economic content to democracy and of keeping power in a collectivism from becoming tyrannical." This new kind of liberal for whom the author speaks, he calls the democratic collectivist.

> His leanings are leftward, toward a broadened base of government and culture. His aim is to reassert for the contemporary world the aims of the liberal movement of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but to do it on the base of the newly emerging class of today that corresponds to the emerging capitalist class of that day. His economic program is one of democratic socialization. . . . He is more likely to call himself a democrat or a collectivist than a liberal, but his continuity with the liberal tradition is an unbroken one.

From this starting-point Professor Lerner develops in a cogent and convincing way his appeal for constructive action to save democracy.

The leanings of the present reviewer are definitely toward a broadened base of government and culture, and he finds himself in complete agreement with the author of the book in his effort to reassert for the contemporary world the aims of the liberal movement of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from Hugo Grotius and John Milton to Condorcet and Kant. But he doubts whether it is possible to interpret the liberals of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries or the neo-liberalism of our days from a class base. Milton and Kant were more important for liberalism than Adam Smith and Ricardo. A redistribution of the wealth of this earth, a broader sharing of the products of men's hands and brains, is urgently needed, but a revitalization of liberalism, although it undoubtedly implies shifts in economic distribution and control, will primarily come from a reactivization of the moral and, I would say, religious springs of liberalism. Class can become as deadly a myth as nation, obscuring the only concrete reality with which we have to deal, the individual, whose dignity and rights were first emphasized by liberalism. Likewise Professor Lerner seems to me to overrate the "successful socialist economy" of the Soviet Union and to underrate the similarity of some of the methods which it employs with those employed in fascist countries.

Within its framework of reference "It Is Later Than You Think" is easily the most timely and most intelligent restatement of the viewpoints of a militant democracy. It is a realistic appraisal of the situation as it has developed in the last years. It is very far from any absolutist fundamentalism. The author rightly points out some of the basic errors of Marxism, its underestimate of the strength of capitalism, its overestimate of the revolutionary character of the proletariat, its misunderstanding of the middle class, its incomprehension of the strength of nationalism, its primitive and faulty theory of human nature. These and other failures of Marxism have put the left on the defensive. But not only the faith in Marxism has suffered; the faith in democracy has suffered too. Democracy is no natural birthright of man. It is a very recent and most difficult experiment in history. If the religious faith which was maintaining it in the hours of birth is fading, men will turn toward the older and easier system, toward authoritarianism. "Men have always found it easy to be governed. What is hard for them is to govern themselves." That explains the attraction exercised a few years ago by the apparent success of communism and at present by the apparent success of fascism.

In such a situation Professor Lerner undertakes to restate the true face of democracy.

> Democracy means, first of all, political and civil liberties, without stint or qualifications—the protection of the rights both of the minority and of the majority through constitutional guaranties. Liberty cannot extend to actions which present a clear and present danger to the existence of the democratic state itself, or to the established procedures for the succession of power within that state. Democracy must be not only political but economic as well. Above all, it must mean freedom of economic opportunity. Third, democracy means the rule of the majority through a set of representatives chosen by direct election, and fourth it means freedom for social change through the procedures of the majority will. Finally, democracy means a sense of the dignity and responsibility of the common man, a genuine belief in the worth of human beings.

This is in brief, with many omissions, Professor Lerner's restatement of the democratic faith, a restatement accepted by a large majority of people in democratic countries. In the first years after the World War we took democracy for granted. The rude awakening of the last years had its good effect. We are learning again that a democracy has to be revivified in the same way in which it was born, in struggle and with heavy sacrifices. Welded to the traditions of the past it opens again limitless possibilities for the future. For his courageous call to action Professor Lerner earns the gratitude of all democrats.

In the economic field he proposes to substitute for the unplanned collectivism which exists in America today a democratic planning—the technical coordination, by disinterested experts, of consumption, production, investment, trade, and income distribution in accordance with social objectives set by bodies representative of the majority. In detail economic experts may disagree with Professor Lerner, but the

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general lines will probably be widely accepted. Professor Lerner wishes to retain private property and profits; he does not dream of any leveling of income; he aims first and foremost at the expansion of the national income, at the raising of America's productive capacity to its utmost limits. This "planning must be attempted democratically or not at all." That is one of the few absolutes which the author is willing to subscribe to in the realm of government. Here again he will find the approval of the overwhelming majority of American democracy.

The book abounds in most pertinent and sagacious observations of the present political and economic scene and trends. Among them the attention of the reader should be drawn especially to the spirited defense of the party system. But Professor Lerner is not only a keen observer of the present scene. His knowledge has the long-range perspective which distinguishes the scholar. He is entirely right in pointing out that the brink-of-war and brink-of-fascism crisis psychology of today is possible only if one lacks the historical sense. And behind all his knowledge lies a deep faith that the task of democratic construction, for all the currently fashionable irrationalism, does lend itself to human and rational effort, an effort which must be willed, however, and willed with intelligence and in time. The author makes it clear that the time is now and the place is here. HANS KOHN

Hemingway and the Wars

THE FIFTH COLUMN AND THE FIRST FORTY-NINE STORIES. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

THE SPANISH WAR. By Ernest Hemingway. Fact: 19 Garrick Street, London, W.C.2. 6d.

LITTLE did the critics of Hemingway know what they had in store for them when they were urging him a few years ago to interest himself in the large forces of society. Mr. Hemingway had a period of scathing indignation, during which he defied the "world-savers" in the interests of his art and hobbies, and gibed fiercely at the insincerities of phony radicals; then he became aroused by the struggle of the Loyalists in Spain, the Stalinists took him in tow, and the first results are before us.

The earliest signs of Hemingway's new social consciousness had shown themselves in his book before this, "To Have and Have Not," in which he added nothing to the effect of several short stories by attempting to solder them together as a long story. This story was to have a moral of a kind that was new for Hemingway: the hero, a Florida smuggler, was finally to realize the hopelessness of fighting a bad world alone. Hemingway himself did not particularly labor this point; but in the meantime he had been helping to raise money for Spain and had appeared at a congress of the League of American Writers, and the Stalinists labored it for him. The literary fellow-travelers wrote as if "To Have and Have Not" were the most creditable thing Hemingway had written, though from the literary point of view it was certainly by far the worst book he had written.

"The Fifth Column," a play, is almost as bad. It opens very amusingly and rather dramatically, and it is good reading for the way the characters talk. But one can't see that it does very much either for Hemingway or for the revolution. The hero, though of Anglo-American origins, is a member of the Communist secret police, engaged in catching Fascist spies in Spain. His principal exploit in the course of the play is cleaning out, with the aid of only one other Communist, an artillery post containing seven Fascists—a scene which has as much plausibility and interest as the same kind of push-over and getaway in the cruder Hollywood Westerns. But the exploit that the play is really about is his affair with a girl magazine writer in a Madrid hotel under bombardment. What Hemingway's hero does for world communism is throw out this unfortunate woman, who has belonged to the Junior League and been to Vassar, after sleeping with her with enjoyment for several days, in favor of a Moorish whore who enables him to affirm by his reversion to her his solidarity with the people of Madrid. As he has treated the girl from Vassar with a good deal of frank contempt from the beginning, the action is rather lacking in suspense and the final sacrifice rather weak in moral value.

This heroic Anglo-American secret police agent is the same old Hemingway protagonist of "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell to Arms," though now rather more besotted and maudlin; but we never doubt that he will do his duty. Indeed, the more besotted and maudlin this familiar old character gets, the more completely he behaves like the hero of a book of adventure for boys. It does not make things any better for Hemingway to tell us in his preface that during the time when he was writing this play the hotel in which he himself was living was struck by "more than thirty high-explosive shells." In fact, it makes it worse.

The recent political activity of Hemingway has thus unquestionably its unfortunate aspect in that the spy hunt of the Loyalists in Spain has given him a pretext for turning loose without check in his writing the impulse to contemplate cruelty which has always played such a large part in his work. This impulse has been balanced in the past by the complementary impulse to show suffering; and he has made himself the master of a peculiar moral malaise, the source of much of the beauty of his stories, which derives from his identifying himself at once with the injurer and the injured. But here he is simply free to let the sadistic impulse have its way. Neither his hero's breaking-off with the girl nor the butchery by the Communists of the Fascists—which would have worried him at an early stage, when he used to write about wars very differently—seems to give rise to the slightest moral uneasiness. The Comintern agents in Spain have *carte blanche* to go as far as they like, because they are up against a lot of dirty bastards. Hemingway ignores the fact that the GPU in Spain has been executing its opponents of the left as well as Fascist spies (though he does make his hero repudiate the idea of extorting a confession from one of his suspects). There is some attempt at compensation here, too, but it does not count for very much. Who can believe that our beloved bum, the greatest truant fisherman of all time, will ever be sent to mortify himself, as it is intimated at one point he may be, in a training camp for Young Pioneers? Who can believe it costs him any serious pain to throw over the Vassar girl? And in the meantime he has fun killing Fascists.

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Now the bad news is told. Let us get on to the good. This book contains four new short stories which are among the best that Hemingway has written. The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber seems to me to be one of his masterpieces. A story of big-game hunters in Africa, it is as good as "Green Hills of Africa" was bad. The difference between Hemingway's work when he is writing, on the one hand, objectively and when he is writing, on the other hand, directly about himself with a consciousness of what his public expects of him or about some character with whom it is easy for him to identify this public personality, is one of the odd phenomena of literature. The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber deals with a theme that was implicit in "Green Hills of Africa," but it disengages and fully develops this theme.

So the story, in three pages, of the war in Spain—which might have been written about any war—is as telling as "The Fifth Column" is silly. Hemingway's hand is as firm, his taste as sure, in his handling of this little anecdote, where he is concentrating artistically on something outside him, as they are inept in his dispatches from Spain, now collected and published in England in the series of left monographs called "Fact," where he is always diverting attention to his own narrow escapes from danger (though these, too, contain a couple of excellent anecdotes). So the story called The Capital of the World, another of Hemingway's very best, projects and judges in a poetic symbol those very adolescent obsessions which tend to spoil his other work. A young boy who has come up from the country and waits on table in a pension in Madrid gets accidentally stabbed with a meat knife while playing at bull-fighting with the dishwasher. This is the anecdote, but Hemingway has built in behind it all the life of the pension and the city: the priesthood, the working-class movement, the grown-up bull-fighters who have broken down or missed out. "The boy Paco," Hemingway concludes, "had never known about any of this nor about what all these people would be doing on the next day and on other days to come. He had no idea how they really lived nor how they ended. He did not realize they ended. He died, as the Spanish phrase has it, full of illusions. He had not had time in his life to lose any of them, or even, at the end, to complete an act of contrition."

The Hemingway who wrote this fine story has looked at the fantasies of childhood with detachment and has registered the pathos of their discrepancy with the realities of the grown-up world. As an artist, he has bidden them goodby. Yet he thinks that this boy from the village was lucky because he died while he still had them. The author of "The Fifth Column" is still hanging on to these fantasies and they do not become him well.

The fourth story, The Snows of Kilimanjaro, another tragedy of African hunting, has some elements of the trashy moral attitudes which did such damage in "The Fifth Column" and "To Have and Have Not." Here the central male, formerly a seriously intentioned writer, has allowed himself to marry a rich woman and now is dying in futility in Africa. He goes back poignantly to his early days in Paris, when he was happy, earnest, and poor, and he blames bitterly the rich bitch who has debased him. Yet this story, too, is one of the good ones. This new group of stories in general has more body than the last batch published in book form. There is a wonderful piece of writing at the end of The Snows of Kilimanjaro, in which the reader is made gradually to realize that what seems to be an escape by plane with the sick man looking down on Africa is only the dream of a dying man.

When Loyalist Madrid is as far behind Hemingway as his former adventures in Africa, he will no doubt get something out of them as much better than the melodrama of "The Fifth Column" as The Life of Francis Macomber is than "Green Hills of Africa." And in the meantime this omnibus volume, which contains all of Hemingway's short stories, represents one of the most considerable achievements of the American writing of our time, and ought, as they say, to be in every home.

EDMUND WILSON

Ballads as History

MINSTRELS OF THE MINE PATCH: SONGS AND STORIES OF THE ANTHRACITE INDUSTRY. By George Korson. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.

EARTH magic is so closely associated with folksong and folklore that we are likely to think of it as an essential element, but in these ballads and stories of the anthracite mines of eastern Pennsylvania there are no green leaves a-falling, no sprig of yew, no whitethorn bough, not even a branch of native willow or white oak. When an old woman says that the mines were closed from early winter until the bluebirds sang, Mr. Korson underscores the passage to make sure that we note its poetry; and the stilted, heartfelt verses on "October on Mount Laffee's Hills" which he includes are an exception in their outlook upon the natural world.

In the whole collection, which on other counts is genuinely rich, there is almost no concentrated imagery, and rarely that compacted beat which gives unforgettable power to the English and Scottish ballads. The pounding refrain, "Down, down, down" in the song of that title stands almost alone, as do the shortened verses which make a joke of an explosion that blew a man out of sight—

> Sure he went up
> And he yelled out loud
> Back to the crowd:
> "I have no sh-roud."

When Irish immigrants flocked to the mines around Carbondale, Wilkesbarre, and Pottsville in the eighteen-thirties and forties they seem to have forgotten the traditional poetry which belongs to their race. It is true that their ballads were sometimes floated on old jigs and reels, but for the most part they adopted another musical vocabulary altogether, that of the easy lilting stanzas which the hedge schoolmasters had used for their sentimental verses and which in turn became the stock in trade of the stage Irishman. Whatever the burden of tragedy they carried, these ballads were swung on lines as fluent and smooth and amiable as those of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Perhaps it is the contrast of these thinly spread musical and stanzaic forms with the tragic content they often carry which gives these songs their special edge. No color appears except an implicit black or twilight gray with the glimmer

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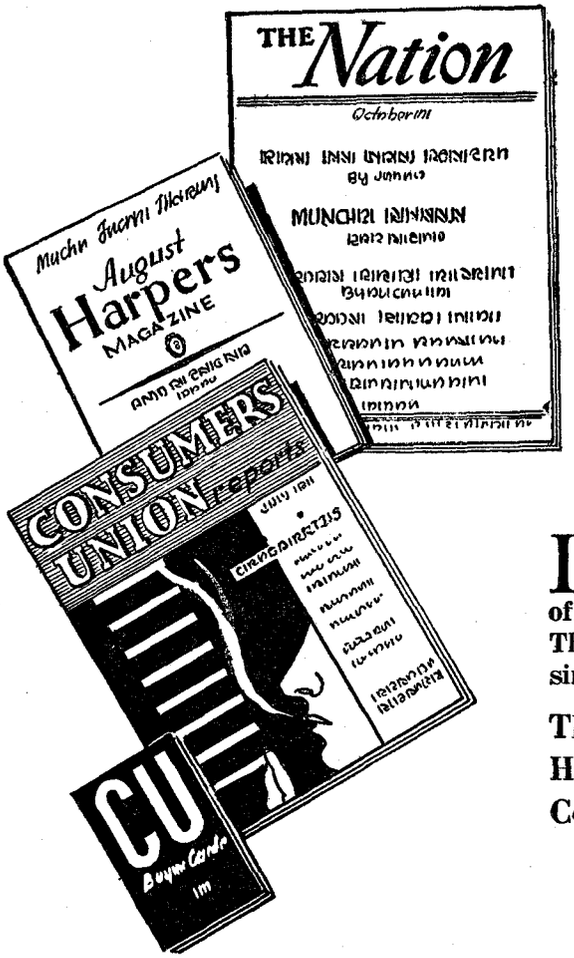

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of a miner's lamp or a horrifying burst of flame. If the natural world, indeed all the outer world, is unheeded, this makes for a peculiar concentration. There is small use of detail of any kind, perhaps because these ballads broke out so quickly, and because the audience, always immediately at hand, was concerned only with the major story. Every touch must have been wholly familiar beforehand, and the songs were quickly learned by heart and often repeated, sometimes with variations, weaving themselves into the life of the community. They tell of the tragic or heroic fate of breaker boys, the terrors of explosions and entombments, of strikes, the breaking of the unions, the squealers, the history of the Molly Maguires and the fate that overtook them. These are major themes; yet not all the ballads are tragic. Gossip in a Street Car, Mackin's Porch, When Old Mauch Chunk Was Young, At Paddy Mayock's Ball, give a picture of convivialities. There was any amount of dancing in these drab places, as the many jig tunes testify, and the minstrels who put the songs together were often fiddlers, wandering from patch to patch, playing in the streets or the *shebeens*. When the Pinkertons finally began to search out the Mollies, their leading spy, McParland, came in the guise of a wandering minstrel, with a thick brogue, a wheedling way, lively feet, and a great stock of songs.

This collection, enlarged from an earlier, privately printed volume, is the fruit of a long search. Fortunately Mr. Korson has had the wisdom to build up a groundwork for each group of ballads which suggests the communal picture, and he has supplemented this with sketches of the better-known ballad-makers and with groups of stories popular in the region. No doubt the book will be of great interest to folklorists and may even start academic battles on the question whether these songs are properly folksongs; Mr. Korson has provided ammunition for the argument. But the major contribution of the collection would seem to lie in the picture it reveals of a submerged people in whom a boundless vitality survived in the midst of a narrow and submerged existence, in the midst of fierce struggles and differences. Their character, their resilience, even their musical idiom—soft and assuaging—have something to say as to the course of popular development in this country. "Minstrels of the Mine Patch" presents a chapter in our social history as well as in the history of labor. It will find congenial company alongside Louis Adamic's "Dynamite." CONSTANCE ROURKE

Whitehead's Latest Phase

MODES OF THOUGHT. By A. N. Whitehead. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A GENERATION ago Whitehead appeared on the philosophical horizon as a messenger of light from the queen of the sciences. Light was sorely needed. The progressively abstract character of the sciences had increased human power of prediction and control. But at the same time it had become more and more difficult to fit into the scientific scheme of things the very world of human experience from which science took its point of departure. What Whitehead undertook to do was to bridge the gap between the "neat, trim, tidy, exact world" of science and the disorderly worlds of sensory experience. The instrument which he fashioned for this purpose was his famous method of extensive abstraction. This consisted in showing how the concepts of science could be constructed as logical functions of what was observed in experience.

The results of Whitehead's early writings were far-reaching. They reinforced, with the prestige of technical scientific competence, the functional or instrumental approach to science that had been independently developed in this country. Philosophers seemed free to drop a number of problems which presupposed the absolute separation of abstractions and concrete activities. Many puzzles which had darkened understanding were shown to be consequences of converting scientific abstractions, especially those used in mechanical explanations, into metaphysical entities. The notion of "events," also introduced by Whitehead, together with terms for the relations, characters, and perception of "events," elbowed the traditional distinctions between "knower" and "known" out of their primary place in the philosophical vocabulary. A new movement arose which made an imaginative and illuminating use of the principles of continuity and novelty. Philosophy itself was defined by Whitehead as a critique of abstractions.

Time showed, however, that for Whitehead the critique of abstractions was preliminary to the construction of a metaphysics in the grand style, a quest for "a coherent, logical, necessary system of general ideas in terms of which every element of our experience may be interpreted." His present book is in the metaphysical rather than the critical vein. In one place he still asserts that philosophy is "the criticism of abstractions which govern special modes of thought," but the larger part of it consists of utterances concerning vague abstractions that govern no specific modes of thought but are alleged "ultimate notions" presupposed by all discourse and activity. They are: importance, expression, understanding, perspective, forms of process, civilized universe. The account Whitehead gives of them shows that their one indisputable presupposition is the system of "Process and Reality."

So long as he addressed himself to border-line problems of logic, physics, and psychology, Whitehead exercised a revolutionizing and fructifying influence in philosophy. Just as soon as he became a philosopher in the genteel tradition, the revolutionist became a legitimist. For the subject matter of philosophy in the genteel tradition has been a quest for a conception of the universe which is the "justification" for human ideals. Whitehead makes the search for such justification explicit in this book, and reaffirms the objective idealism to which he had previously committed himself. His system turns out to be an original re-creation of Hegelianism in ultra-scientific slang with Feeling put in place of Absolute Idea. Whitehead has denied the relationship to Hegel. But in philosophy as in life not everyone knows his own father.

"Modes of Thought" does more than merely reaffirm old positions. It has certain features which are relatively novel. Never easy to read, Whitehead has now become positively oracular. His style seems to be a cross between that of Wittgenstein and Heidegger. Here and there a beautiful sentence lights up a page: "Dogmatism is the anti-Christ of learning"; ". . . the souls of men are the gift of language to mankind." But in the main the text consists of darkly suggestive pronouncements. Very little is argued. The "self-evidence" with

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which Whitehead identifies understanding is relied upon to click off metaphysical certainties in the reader's mind.

More serious is the ill-concealed polemic that Whitehead wages against all varieties of logical empiricism, of which he is, in fact, an ancestor on its non-philosophic side. The wisdom of his old maxim, "Seek simplicity, and distrust it," now seems to be: Seek what cannot be uttered in words, and above all things distrust clarity. Almost every page testifies to Whitehead's prejudice that the attempt to make ideas *clearer,* to control them by observing the consequences of the procedures they initiate, is the mark of quick-witted superficiality. One may grant that clarity is relative, that nothing can be made absolutely clear; that not everything can be said at once, and that some things are more appropriately done than said; that every utterance is an articulation within a felt experience that has a context and history. All this may be granted, and more, without surrendering in the least the demand that philosophers distinguish in their analysis between statements about the world which in principle are verifiable and statements which are not; and of the latter, between those in which we can glimpse an intent or a problem and those which are opaque for all their sonority. And if we insist on this demand, what shall we make of such statements as, "We should conceive mental operations as among the factors which make up the constitution of nature. . . . The energetic activity considered in physics is the emotional intensity entertained in life. . . . The basis of democracy is the common fact of value experience, as constituting the essential nature of each pulsation of actuality"? Do these not invite a fresh critique of abstractions?

In Whitehead, as in all truly seminal minds, profound insights find their own language for expression and establish their own paths of communication. Many a thinker has survived his system. And Whitehead is already, on the strength of his early work, among the philosophic immortals. Danger comes from those who take the system literally and coin catchpenny truths from it; and from those who feel that by imitating the verbal mannerisms of great metaphysicians they too can see visions.

SIDNEY HOOK

Parliament and Socialism

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND. By Harold J. Laski. Viking Press. $3.50.

JUST now when, under the heel of dictators, pale imitations of British parliamentarism crumble and collapse on the European continent, Professor Laski has chosen a most timely subject. Considering, however, Professor Laski's well-known political opinions, the task he has set himself is certainly not an easy one. No one who has a sincere interest in human civilization could be entirely uninfluenced by the failure of parliamentary government in the greater part of the European continent. This makes it all the more difficult for Professor Laski to write a eulogy of a political system which, in his view, has the disadvantage of proving necessarily a fiasco when it is confronted with the issue between capitalism and socialism.

The opinion that British parliamentary government is a child born of "the marriage between capitalism and democ-

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racy," and that it has taken rather after the capitalist father, has been expressed in Professor Laski's previous books, "Grammar of Politics" and "Democracy in Crisis." So has his opinion that the parliamentary system was devised by the owners of the instruments of production in the interest of their property. It follows from this that the system would fail if a Socialist majority seriously undertook to establish public ownership of the means of production; and even the "guardian of the constitution," as Professor Keith calls the king, would probably not hesitate to refuse to act upon the advice of his ministers. This means that parliamentary democracy is an excellent form of government so long as "the fragile conventions of our constitution" do not have to stand the test of fundamental changes in the economic constitution. In other words, it is an umbrella that is useful in fine weather.

Harold Laski is a Socialist. He even believes that Lenin's insight assured a "wider area of responsible criticism" than British democracy. Yet he cannot help having a sincere admiration for the parliamentary government which frustrates or at least renders more difficult the victory of a *Weltanschauung* he stands for. The explanation for this apparent contradiction can be easily found in the scholarship of the author and in the artistic aspect of the British constitution. Probably the acoustics of Albert Hall are superior to those of the Winchester Cathedral; yet an artist—and Professor Laski cannot help being one—would certainly prefer the latter. There is, however, another and much stronger reason for his favorable criticism of a system which is organically opposed both as a whole and in its component parts to what Professor Laski stands for.

Professor Laski has expressed this reason better than anyone else by saying, "The alternative to the 'talking shop' is the concentration camp. A society that is able to discuss does not need to fight; and the greater the capacity to maintain interest in discussion, the less danger there is of an inability to effect the compromises that maintain social peace." Yet in Professor Laski's opinion the capitalist driven into an economic corner turns fascist, fascism being the last phase of capitalism. He is certainly not alone in this opinion. Another prominent liberal, T. A. Spender, also poses the question "whether in fact socialism could come to power in this country without finding itself under the same necessity of extinguishing its opponents as was pleaded by the European dictators." Whether Laski and Spender are right or Jennings has come nearer the truth in his statement that "at a reasonable pace" any reform of even the fundamental economic system could be carried out by a government with a majority and composed of persons with previous ministerial experience is certainly not easy to decide.

Some conspicuous facts, however, cannot be overlooked. British parliamentary government has certainly survived the change from rural to industrial capitalism. It is true that both recognized private ownership of the means of production—even the robber barons did when they deprived their victims of their property—but the loss of political power derived from property is the same in either case. However, even if parliamentary government is, in fact, unfit to carry out fundamental changes in our economic system, there is no alternative. Whatever shortcomings the parliamentary form of government may have, it is certainly the least bad, and what its critics usually forget is that socialism itself is a product of the parliamentary development of the state, just as those who sneer at political liberty as a bourgeois prejudice forget that Soviet Russia owes its existence to the fact that there were some capitalist countries where Lenin and Trotsky could write as they pleased. *Qu'est-ce que c'est un parlement: on parle, on ment,* said a French wit. This may indeed be true of some of the English parliamentary conventions, though Laski, by the way, omits to underline the hypocritical features of the masterful picture he draws, but certainly only half of it is true of dictatorships and all other kinds of uncontrolled tyranny: *on ment, mais on n'en parle pas.*

It would be a waste of words to emphasize that Professor Laski in his analysis of English parliamentary government displays not only an unparalleled command of literature and facts, of past history and current events, but an astounding judgment of personalities. This applies not only to the major issue, but also to the institutions of which parliamentary government is composed. Though Professor Laski does not conceal his personal Socialist viewpoint in his scholarly impartiality, his judgment is, perhaps, even more benevolent than is consistent with his thesis that at the present stage of capitalism "its logic of profitability is necessarily in conflict with the contrasting logic of democracy it still seeks to contain." He finds ready excuses for the inherent drawbacks of the Cabinet system, and even goes so far as to assert that the exceptional intellectual gifts "of the British Prime Ministers are in startling contrast" with those of the Presidents of the United States—a statement which just now when Neville Chamberlain is the British Premier and Franklin D. Roosevelt is President of this country sounds somewhat out of date.

If Pope's famous remark, made two centuries ago, "For forms of government let fools contest, That which is best administered is best," still holds good, Professor Laski's testimony is no doubt in favor of the English form of government. His scrutiny of the working of the machinery reveals facts different from the analysis of the English constitution made by Bagehot sixty years ago. It is true that the party system does not work any more as it did from 1689 until our own day, when the two parties in fundamental matters were one; it is true that the House of Lords is but a "common fortress of wealth"; it is true that the government must use its majority only "with wisdom and discretion" and the House of Commons, though "an assembly admirably constructed," lacks the "common philosophy" enabling the parties to differ without conflict; it is true that a grave danger threatens the good-will upon which the operation of the Cabinet depends. Yet—"there is no alternative to party government save dictatorship in any state of modern size." To have stressed this point is, perhaps, the most prominent value of Professor Laski's delightful book. I wish he had added that a dictatorship, which, in our age, is but a phase of a revolution, is therefore no alternative form of government either. True as it may be that the even stability of the English lawn is due to its being continually shorn, the same rule hardly applies to the citizens of a state living under continual duress.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

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Witch-Hazel Blossom

THIS WAS A POET: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF EMILY DICKINSON. By George Frisbie Whicher. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

ONE reads this book with a sense of gratitude and of liberation. It throws up the curtains and windows of a room which has long been airless and dusty and dark. Seventy-six years have passed since one of America's most highly gifted poets sent Thomas Wentworth Higginson a handful of her poems, asking whether they were "alive." Higginson waited twenty-eight years before making a public answer—and even then, in that first selection which he and Mary Todd brought out in 1890, what was the intended symbolism of the design of Indian pipe, or corpse plant, stamped in gold on the ivory cover? For a poetry which he thought really alive would not a spray of witch-hazel, blossoming in November, have served his purpose better?

Since then, to be sure, Emily Dickinson has not been ignored. The gossips of Amherst, the rule-and-compass versifiers, the fine ladies and gentlemen of criticism, the sentimental biographers, and, of course, the Freudians have had more than enough to say about her. The trouble is that they have not said the right things, or even faced the right problems of critical and scholarly analysis. To our shame be it spoken, we Americans have brought far more brain power to bear, during the last fifty years, upon the medieval poem of "The Pearl" and its unknown author than upon the life and work of this woman of genius who was the very quintessence of New England. Her writing has been given to the world in a dribbling and tentative fashion which could scarcely have had a worse effect if it had been actuated by the profit motive alone. The editing of her work has been disgraceful, and the text of many of her poems—quite unarranged as they still are in any logical or chronological order—is even today chaotic. Certain of her lady biographers, moreover, have spread the impression that there was something morbid about her "love life," and that the main thing to be found out about her is the precise number and identity of the men in whom she was amorously interested. But now at last there comes this thoughtful, responsible, witty answer to the question that Emily Dickinson asked, so long ago, of the wisest man she knew. By its very title it rebukes half a century of aimless chatter about her. The thing of chief importance about this woman, Mr. Whicher would remind us, is that she could and would and did write poetry. For that declaration of critical common sense our thanks are due.

As here told with apparent finality, the simple tale of Emily Dickinson's love affairs—to call them that—is likely to disappoint those who have hoped for something more romantic if not positively scandalous. Her amours were all intellectual, in source if not in kind. No one of the men who may have been concerned in them ever guessed what devotion he had called forth or what flames of the heart and mind some chance word of his had started. Indeed, the poetic effects were so strangely remote from their alleged causes, so incomparably more intense and impassioned than those causes would seem to warrant, that one comes to wonder whether there need have been any external cause at all.

Mr. Whicher has asked that question but has decided, so

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to speak, in favor of flesh and blood. He knows and shows how slight were the relations between Emily Dickinson and the man to whom he thinks she gave her entire love, yet he feels sure not only that there was such a man but that he was of great importance in her poetical work. He might say, perhaps, that the mind of Emily Dickinson was like a vast whispering gallery in which the faintest sigh reverberated on and on. That, of course, would be true, but such a statement would not preclude the possibility that her mere longing for an actual love which never came may have projected in her the compelling and overwhelming imagination of a love more intense and indeed more real than ordinary mortals ever know. For here also we do well to remember that "this was a poet," and one with more than the usual poetic faculty of self-dramatization. Not only did she "taste a liquor never brewed," but she was "inebriate of air." It was she who said that "happiness without a cause is the best happiness," and no doubt she could have said the same thing about love. But Mr. Whicher himself has firm hold of the clue to this labyrinth, although he uses it in another context. "The born Puritan," says he, "could make the outward world his plaything. He was never immersed so completely in externalities as to be unaware of a second set of facts, the data of consciousness, which often corresponded with physical facts but might on occasion diverge from them. These inward awarenesses were more real than tangible things and deserved a sharper scrutiny."

Emily Dickinson would have liked this book. Subtle, witty, and beautifully just, it has not a few of those same qualities for which it praises her. It does not show her sometimes bewildering suddenness, her woman's way of announcing decisions without their reasons, but it shows a steady and respectful comprehension of that good way of thought. It confutes the ridiculous popular notion that only women can understand women. One would say that it is a completely sympathetic book, and that the sympathy between the author and his subject reaches even to matters of style; for here is that same resounding quietness, here are those little depth-bombs of wit and tiny explosions of intellectual laughter which the lovers of Emily Dickinson have always found in her.

In short, this is a book of which America may well be proud. It will certainly deepen the national pride in our foremost lyric poet, who was also one of the two or three chief feminine poets of all time. Once for all it leads this gloriously vivacious woman out of the sickroom into which certain other admirers have labored to thrust her back. It shows her as an athlete of the mind and spirit, exultantly happy. What is still more important, it presents her as a conscious, deliberate, and highly disciplined artist, determined to get her work done though the sky should fall. For those who think that poetry like hers is necessarily the product of a fever in the blood, a corroding grief of the heart, it ought to serve as a cooling card.

Two things this reviewer is wondering about as he lays down Mr. Whicher's admirable book. First, how could the writer mention the well-known similarities between the poetic style of Emily Dickinson and that of Ralph Waldo Emerson without saying anything about the far more numerous and striking likenesses, extending far beyond style, between her and Henry Thoreau? Again, how could he spend ten years in studying this woman's mind and heart, her life and work, without—so far as his record shows—falling in love with her? Or are we to conclude that in Amherst, Massachusetts, the concealment of love has become a traditional art?

ODELL SHEPARD

Modern Morality Play

WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME? By Jerome Weidman. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

THE school of hard-boiled fiction that Mr. James Cain rang in twice with his postman has been in session ever since. The heroes of these tales are all alike: they talk tough, they act mean, they do not stop at murder itself in order to get what they want. But they have standards; they are, in their own rough way, men of honor; and most of the unscrupulous things they do are done for love! The pattern is simple: toughness with a background of good old-fashioned sentimentality.

Mr. Weidman's Harry Bogen, the dress manufacturer from Seventh Avenue, talks tougher and acts meaner than four of Mr. Cain's postmen. But Mr. Weidman has gone to a better source for his model. Harry Bogen is the lineal descendant of Ring Lardner's Midge Kelly in that unforgettable and unforgotten short story, Champion. And even Harry, cheap, vain, swaggering, a cheat, a liar, a thief, with a dirty tongue and the manners of a hyena—even Harry has his weakness: he loves his mother. Mr. Lardner was more forthright; the champion loved only himself.

"What's in It for Me?" picks up where "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" left off. Harry has realized his heart's desire; he is sleeping with an actress. His former designer is in jail, sent there by one of Harry's smart tricks, taking the rap for—as Harry would say—a brainier man. Harry, although he is at the moment not exactly in funds, has plans. He sees easy money ahead. And easy money for a time it is. No matter if it means a little stealing here and there, a little cheating of decent people; no matter if old Mrs. Bogen, up in the Bronx, waits night after night for her Heshie to come home and eat cheese *blintzes*. Heshie (Harry to you) has better ways of spending his days and his nights. He can give diamond bracelets to Martha Mills, the girl with the figure; he can wear thirty-dollar shoes; he knows Walter Winchell. Mr. Weidman grimly gives him a long rope and allows him to wind it tight around his neck before the noose is finally pulled.

For this is a moral tale. The good people—nearly everybody in the book but Harry—get their reward. For his old girl, Ruthie, whose nose was too long, it is an honest man to marry; for Martha it is a contract in Hollywood; for his mother it is only the last long rest from Harry's smartness. Harry gets his reward, too. Mr. Weidman is very careful about that. If virtue is rewarded, vice is punished. No old-fashioned sentimentality here, but an old-fashioned morality play, told with the speed and drive of a steam riveter, in language that does not ordinarily appear in print but which has an unmistakable ring of authority. This is exactly the way Harry would talk; try saying any of the speeches out loud and you will realize that, with a few omission marks, it is the way a large group of New Yorkers talk, not all on Seventh Avenue either.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

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Shorter Notices

THE BACK DOOR. By Julian R. Meade. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

"The Back Door," by Julian R. Meade, is a moving and sympathetically told story of Negroes who work in tobacco factories and as servants in the houses of white people in a small Virginia city. Mr. Meade writes of an intolerable situation with compassion and understanding. But perhaps because, being a Southerner, he is emotionally, although not intellectually, inured to his milieu, his novel lacks the drive and intensity necessary to force its full significance into the reader's mind. Seen entirely through the eyes of the Negroes who work for them, the white people never become three-dimensional. As types made familiar in other novels of the South, they all seem to talk alike, to be too arbitrarily divided into good and bad. The colored people are more developed as characters and more interesting, but they have a kind of universal gentleness which is hard to reconcile with the poverty and cruelty of their lives. The publishers say that "The Back Door" is written with mingled pity and irony. Of Mr. Meade's pity and good-will there can be no doubt, but of the irony which makes William March's novels of black and white people so unforgettable there is none.

LEE IN THE MOUNTAINS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Donald Davidson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

This new group of narrative poems by the author of "The Tall Men" deals chiefly with incidents and characters of the Civil War. Often the form is that of the dramatic monologue; a character, now dead, speaks of what he felt in the days when the South was fighting for its own type of culture. Those poems in which the Negro figures treat of him as rather sentimentally at home in the Southern scene. The general spirit of the book is that of nostalgia for a lost past, and for the most part the theme seems a little stale. We have had so much of this nostalgia, which spells a kind of defeat. The verse is capable but not particularly distinguished.

SHADOWS AROUND THE LAKE. By Guy de Pourtalès. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

"Shadows Around the Lake," by Guy de Pourtalès, has been awarded the Grand Prix du Roman and the Prix Gobert by the Académie Française. And in England it has been honored by the Heinemann Prize. A serious, autobiographical novel by a writer who has written books on Wagner, Chopin, and Liszt, it is not long compared with Proust's great work or even with "Jean Christophe," and is shorter than Mr. Briffault's "Europa." Its subject matter is treated more imaginatively, more profoundly, or more interestingly in all these books. At first the reader wonders why Mr. Pourtalès went to the trouble of writing this book, since it offers neither material nor a point of view that cannot be found in numerous other novels dealing with European society between 1890 and 1920. Then one remembers the old saying about every man's having one novel in him. "Shadows Around the Lake" would seem to be the one novel of a man of sensibility and cultivation. It is very readable and is unusually well translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury.

DRAMA

New Wine and Old Bottles

"LORELEI" (Longacre Theater) is a "well-made play" about the Nazis. It is also, therefore, something of a novelty, since none of the other recent plays on the subject has been conspicuously "well made" in either the technical or any other conceivable sense of the words. Unfortunately, however, the theme does not seem to have yielded very much more in the careful hands of Jacques Deval than it did in those of impassioned amateurs. They allowed themselves to be carried away; Mr. Deval manages to maintain a calm unfortunately communicated to his audience.

"Lorelei" is in three acts and four scenes. Except for the fact that the first scene of the last act is, by all the rules, really the second scene of the second act, the pattern is precisely the pattern handed down from the days of Sardou, and the play then becomes a perfect diagram. Act I, or the situation stated: Professor Rumpau, a famous biologist from Leipzig, has gone into voluntary exile but remains within sight of the homeland because the Germany of the eternal ideal is the only thing in the world really dear to him. Act II, or the conflict: Professor Rumpau discovers that because the girl sent to lure him back fell in love with him instead and overstayed her leave she will fall victim to the wrath of the Nazis. Act III, or the supreme sacrifice: Professor Rumpau crosses the fatal border line and surrenders himself to the first storm trooper whose path he crosses. If this summary seems flippant, that is largely because the arid formalism of Mr. Deval's dramatic method reduces to triviality a theme too big for any playwright who brings to his task nothing more than a reasonable competence in the stage carpenter's trade.

Old bottles will hold new wine, but the formula for the well-made play is not a bottle into which things are poured. It is a framework upon which a story must be built, and a framework so rigid that every story fitted to its outline becomes essentially the same story no matter what the ostensible theme may be. "Lorelei" is ostensibly a story about Nazis, but it becomes the story of a man who sacrifices himself for a woman, and it has almost inevitably to become that because that is the story which the student of this particular technique has learned how to tell. Any effort to make it anything else is bound to result, as it does here, in mere confusion. Mr. Deval struggles valiantly to stick to his theme. The professor goes back, not only because of the girl, but also because he has resolved that the sacrifice of himself is the most effective protest he can make against the barbarians who are violating the honor of the German people. But neither Professor Rumpau nor the play will move until the traditional mechanism is set in motion, and the old story of the romantic sacrifice carries forward the story of the German who loves his country's honor more than he loves his own life. "Big speeches" are planted at precisely the spots where "big speeches" always come; there is even a touch here and there of careful symbolism. But the play can hardly fool

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anyone or seem more than "topical" in the most trivial sense of that word. Instead of contributing something to the subject under discussion, it depends upon the importance of that subject to contribute to the play an importance which it does not really possess.

Improbable as it may seem, one of the big hits of the season is a musical version of the "Comedy of Errors" now current at the Alvin Theater. Perhaps "version" is too mild a word to suggest what the piece has become, but at least the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios are still there, and the title, "The Boys from Syracuse," neatly combines a certain contemporary flavor with an unimpeachable appropriateness, since, in case you have forgotten, one Antipholus and one Dromio did hail from that ancient city which was thoughtfully named (in anticipation) for our up-state community. Most of Shakespeare's language is omitted, but that in the present instance will lead to no protest on my part, and in its place is some excellent clowning by Jimmy Savo as one of the Dromios. Mr. Savo's methods are plainly those of the burlesque-show comedian, but he adds a real touch of genius to all the old tricks, and he is genuinely funny.

The score by Richard Rogers is rather fuller and rather more ambitious than that of the usual musical comedy of today, and in addition to some songs in the accepted manner of the moment, it includes several others which struck me as genuinely original—notable among the latter being the delightfully lilting tune which accompanies the pantomime of the opening scene. I have, indeed, only a single complaint to make about the whole: one simple physiological joke is desperately overworked.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Author of
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FILMS

TO overcome the temptation to go only to movies I hope to like, thereby losing sight of the great industry as a whole, I called upon my good neighbor and his wife, who have almost no other amusement except the pictures, and asked them to take me along whenever they went. (I live in a little town, not far out of New York, where the U. S. A. begins.) Well, we went three times in one week.

"Vienna must be a mighty gay city, I'd like to go there myself one day and sing and dance," said my neighbor as we were leaving "The Great Waltz" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).

"The picture gives a wrong idea of Vienna," I answered, "and, incidentally, Hitler is there now."

"Well, we're not Jews," said my good neighbor's wife. "Wasn't Luise Rainer cute? This time she didn't hop around so much, but did you notice how her mouth twitched when she was suffering?"

"I liked the new Polish singer (Miliza Korjus)," the husband said. "She is beautiful and knows how to sing."

"She looks like a blonde horse," said the wife jealously. "I almost choked when she took that long note."

The story itself was not mentioned in our conversation. Neither was Fernand Gravet, who gives a French version of Johann Strauss—but is excellent when he is listening to the sounds of the Vienna woods or the Blue Danube. I had intended to say that the whole picture was phony, awkwardly written and, with the exception of the woods sequence, as unoriginal as it was crudely directed. Instead, I put in a good word for the travelogue, the only offering of the evening which, justly, got spontaneous applause.

The next evening we saw a double-feature program: The Jones Family "Down on the Farm" followed by "Submarine Patrol" (both Twentieth Century). Mayor Jones, in spite of his belly, wins a corn-husking contest—by means which are not quite cricket, although he is not aware of the fact—and also the nomination for the Senate. In the other picture a rich spoiled playboy joins the navy in war time and makes good.

"I would elect Mayor Jones myself," said my neighbor; "at least he is simple."

"Do you think that is enough for a law-maker?"

"Don't talk politics," interrupted Madame, "I like the Joneses; they remind me of the Smiths next door."

"Sorry, I find the Joneses boring," I said.

"So are the Smiths," said my neighbor.

"The Smiths are not boring at all," snapped his wife.

The atmosphere bristled, and I switched the conversation to "Submarine Patrol." "Did it make your heart beat," I asked, "when the cutter was passing through the mine field and might have been blown to pieces any minute?"

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"I knew all the time they'd get through all right," she said, in a tone that seemed to hold pity for my naivete.

"They shouldn't have mixed up a love story with it," he said. "I would have liked to see what that war against the submarine was really like. What did I care about whether the playboy got his girl or not?"

I thought this very sound criticism, but Madame replied: "Don't try to be highbrow. After all, it was only meant as entertainment."

"That's the trouble," he ventured to continue. "I can't forget the sinking submarine, the men dying—for what? And they kept boring me with two Hollywood cuties."

"He didn't like her," Madame said, "because she was too skinny for him."

Yesterday we went to see "Angels with Dirty Faces" (Warner Brothers). As we went in we heard the policeman say to the usher: "I've seen this picture five times and I'm going to see it again." When we left, I could understand what he meant, though once was enough for me. "Angels with Dirty Faces" is the best gangster picture released in months.

The already classic "Scarface" was better, less coated with what Nietzsche called moralin, but the story of a young criminal who takes the rap for higher-ups and doesn't let himself be gypped by his former pals after he has served his term is magnificently told. James Cagney was never more natural; he has some moments which are not easily forgotten —those, for example, when his charm is changing into fear or longing or brutality. The "Dead End" kids—who are already beginning to be too-good-to-be-true actors—worship him as a hero. His friend the priest (Pat O'Brien, reliable as always) stops that with a trick. He induces their courageous idol to pretend to die like a coward when he is executed. His tough little admirers read about it in the newspapers and are disappointed. The youngsters in the audience, having been let in on the secret, know better and worship the criminal the more. It is one thing to give realistic shooting scenes of almost unbearable suspense, another to achieve moral ends. For the first, all the skill of Hollywood has been here successfully employed; the other cannot be reached by mere pretense.

"All right—but I'm still so excited I can't think straight," said Madame, "what *should* they have done, then, if you know about everything better?"

"Cagney could have broken down and, realizing the futility of his life, could have asked as his last wish to say goodby to his friends from the street. Imagine the boys seeing their hero die as a shattered human being."

"Making a softy out of him, you mean?"

"Why were you so delighted, then, by 'Ferdinand the Bull'?" (We had also seen the new Walt Disney character, the flower-smelling bull who does not want to fight.)

"You ask too many questions, Mister; we like our movies the way they are," said Madame, and I kept quiet for the rest of the way home."

This morning my neighbor came over and said: "You're right. Come to think of it, I like the little bull better than all the rest of that stuff we saw put together. But don't tell my wife, or she'll call me Ferdinand."

FRANZ HOELLERING

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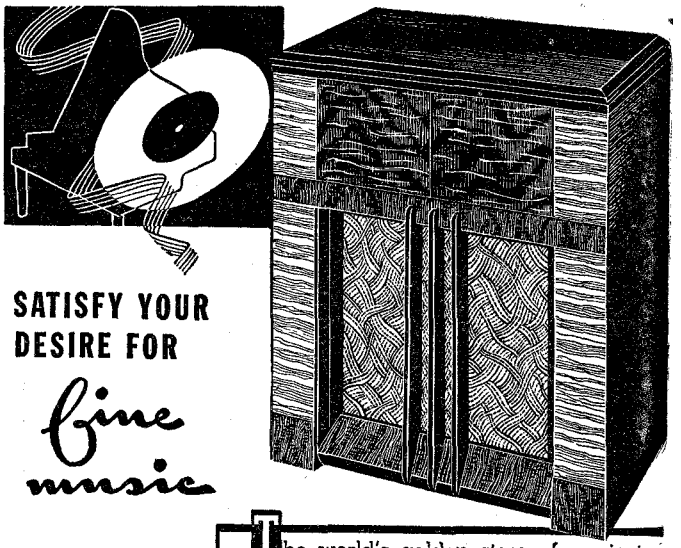

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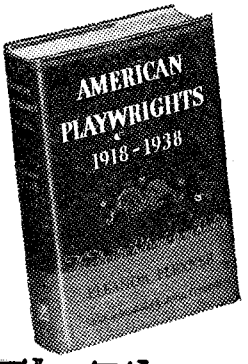

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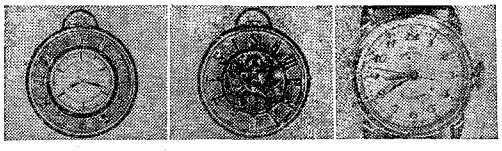

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Letters to the Editors

Santayana on Cardozo

Dear Sirs: In response to your request for permission to reprint George Santayana's letter to me with reference to his comment on my book, "Cardozo and Frontiers of Legal Thinking," I am happy to say that Mr. Santayana has empowered me to publish the letter. I am pleased to do so in your columns in order to correct the inaccuracies of the statement appearing in your "In the Wind" column of November 5.

May I warn your readers not to draw any hasty inferences concerning the extent of Santayana's pro-fascist or anti-socialist sympathies, since in a subsequent letter to me he does much to qualify any such impression. I can do no more here than quote two sentences: "Your interpretation of my distinction between opinions and natural growths is just what I should make it, and the instance of a real tendency to socialize capital seems very apt. It is not Marx's theory which is at work, but the functionlessness of great private wealth and the blunders of plutocracy." (October 16, 1938.) BERYL H. LEVY

Brooklyn, November 26

Dear Dr. Levy: Your book on Cardozo reaches me with no indication of the sender, but the quotation on page 82 makes me think that I owe to you personally the pleasure of having read it. I had never heard of Cardozo before (I live out of the world); but I knew Judge Holmes well, and I need not say that I sympathize with the desire to humanize the administration of justice. But neither of these jurists, nor even you in your comments, satisfies me on what seems to me the crucial point skirted on page 115. What is the highest good of society? This is a question of political ideals. In France, as you know, political "ideology" often causes courts of law intentionally to condemn the innocent, like Dreyfus, or to acquit the guilty, like Madame Caillaux. Now what "ideology" guides Cardozo in determining the direction in which his conscience shall exercise a gentle pressure upon the law? I can find nothing more definite than "the social mind" or "cherished social ideals." Something psychological, then, prevalent sentiment, or opinion? Or something biological or anthropological, the actual tendency which manners and morals show in their evolution? Cardozo himself seems to be decidedly a "beautiful spirit" or *schöne Seele.* His heart is tender and he makes for sweet reasonableness and kindness. But so did Rousseau; and pragmatism, like empiricism, is a most ambiguous thing. They may mean testing ideas by *experiment,* by an appeal to the object or physical fact, which in ethics would be human nature with its physical potentialities of achievement and happiness. On the other hand, empiricism and pragmatism may mean accepting every idea as an ultimate fact and absolute standard for itself, and in practice deciding everything by vote, by sentiment, or by the actual prevalence of one idea over another. In this second direction lies softness, anarchy, and dissolution.

You compare Cardozo with Spinoza; but as far as I can judge by your book there is no *intellectual* comparison. Spinoza was not soft. I have been all my life long a fervent disciple of Spinoza precisely on account of his firmness, of his uncompromising naturalism. Yet even he leaves out the three traditions which, however false their cosmology, seem to me morally sound: the Greek, the Catholic, and the Indian. I am therefore not a disciple of Spinoza in his ideal of human life: it leaves out poetry, art, traditional religion, military and constructive patriotism. His society would be a tame society, where there would be no masters, but all would be voluntary slaves. Perhaps you feel something of my difficulty when you point out that "art" is an indispensable ingredient in everything human.

G. SANTAYANA

Rome, Italy, August 8

American Jews, What Now?

Dear Sirs: Whenever American Jews discuss the recent pogroms in Germany, the question inevitably comes up: What is to happen to Jews in the United States? I heard a comfortable middle-class business man, of some influence among similarly successful Jews in his community, say, "The danger in this country is that there are too many Jews in politics, too many in labor unions. These Jews cause anti-Semitism." Elaborating, he continued, "Labor unions are rackets. Jews should not be mixed up with them, particularly now." And with a consciousness of his own influence in the community he added, "I have just been asked by a group of Gentile business men to see what I can do about getting a certain prominent Jewish labor organizer here to leave the city."

But an anti-Semitic movement in this country would persecute not only Jews prominent in politics or in labor unions. In whatever minds it now exists in this country, by whatever people it is being activated, anti-Semitism is based primarily on the fact that Jews are said to be crushing Gentile competition in business, finance, and the professions. How many business firms now refuse to hire Jews! How many law offices refuse to employ them! How many professional schools refuse to admit them! How much jealousy against them exists in business and in professions!

In Germany, although the Nazis had been propagandizing for almost a decade, the party commenced to win great numbers of supporters only in 1930 when Germany started to feel acutely the economic depression. In America anti-Semitic ideas will find readier listeners when minds have been made receptive by personal economic insecurity. Then the people will give as excuses that the Jews are an alien race, that they are internationalists, that they are this or that or the other thing—whatever excuse is the handiest.

Will, then, the withdrawal of Jews from labor unions, from positions of influence in politics, halt anti-Semitism? Some labor unions are "rackets." Is that any reason why Jews should cease to work toward better labor unions? It was proved in the last depression that many businesses and banks were corrupt. Did Jewish business and financial leaders voluntarily withdraw from business and finance to prevent anti-Semitism? Does our business man who will request a Jewish labor organizer to leave town contemplate giving up his business voluntarily to prevent the economic jealousy and consequent anti-Semitism of some of his less successful Gentile competitors? Will he ask his doctor and lawyer friends to give up their professions?

When the conditions for anti-Semi-

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tism are ripe, prejudice, then limitations, then terrorism spread to all phases of Jewish life. If our business man requests the withdrawal of Jews from active participation in politics and trade unions, he must request that they voluntarily impose upon themselves, as a race, conditions which only incipient fascism would impose. He must request their withdrawal into a partial and self-imposed ghetto. But if he wants the democracy in which he and his children have enjoyed freedom to continue, then he must ask his fellow-Jews to continue their work in every field which a democratic government has opened to every man of whatever race or religion.

ALMA OSTERMANN

Chicago, November 23

Defining "Public Relations"

Dear Sir: Helen Woodward's article in *The Nation* for November 26, soaking the public-relations practitioners is valuable and illuminating. Public-relations work, however, is not all high-powered press agentry, though at present, responding to the fear complex of business, much of it is nothing but that. In the work in which my firm is engaged we define public relations as "the attempt on the part of business, in deed as well as in word, to express itself, its motives, its economic and its social functions, with the object of playing more effectively, and more profitably both to itself and to the community, its rightful part in the community."

Increasingly, business is realizing that public relations are not publicity, ballyhoo, or institutional advertising, but critical self-analysis (with or without benefit of experts), to readjust its attitudes and practices—labor included—to the needs of the present day. In short, the future of public relations is in reforming business while at the same time giving business a degree of self-expression which will result in forcing it to make good in its altered attitudes.

W. L. STODDARD

Boston, December 1

Nazis in New Haven

Dear Sirs: An anti-Nazi meeting was held in New Haven, Connecticut, on the evening of November 21 at the Hillhouse High School. It was sponsored by a group of leading citizens. Among the principal speakers were the Mayor and Dr. Jerome Davis; they addressed a capacity audience and obtained a sizable collection for relief purposes. It was an unusually spirited meeting—with only one discordant note.

About fifteen minutes after the meeting started, who should come strutting down the aisle but four full-panoplied "storm troopers," smirking and arrogant of bearing, with every detail of their uniforms in strict regulation order—swastika buttons, overseas caps, brown shirts, dark corduroy trousers, and black puttees? Three were unmistakedly German-Americans; the fourth was of the Italian fascist type. Amid considerable excitement they nonchalantly took seats in the second row. They came for trouble, because one asked the obvious leader, "When do we start?" This question was heard by a person sitting behind, and for the remainder of the meeting a police officer stood near by. When the last speaker was about to begin, they got up and filed out in military fashion.

This account may not make news of much import, but it does show to what insolent lengths Nazis will go. Incidentally, no comment was made in the local press.

CHARLES TEPEL

West Haven, Conn., November 30

Twenty Years for Striking

Dear Sirs: We would like to solicit the aid of your readers in the defense of one of our union members who has been unjustly sentenced to twenty years in prison. This is Christopher Clarich, president and leader of the Shrimp Peelers' Local No. 154, Aransas Pass, Texas.

During a recent strike of shrimp peelers, Clarich was waylaid by an armed mob led by Rob Roy Rice, son of the owner of the firm which was being struck, was beaten and left for dead; six other pickets who came to his defense were sent to the hospital. One of the attacking mob was killed and another was injured in the fight.

Clarich was hastily tried before a jury of large ranchers and landlords. The prosecuting attorney aimed his whole attack at the C. I. O. One member of the jury has now made an affidavit stating that the jury in its deliberations did not consider the guilt or innocence of the accused but discussed the "evils" of the C. I. O. and ways and means of stopping its progress. Clarich was sent to prison for twenty years, simply because he was a fearless leader in the ranks of organized labor.

Protests should be sent to Sheriff Frank Hunt and Judge W. G. Sayle of Sinton. Funds for appeal should be sent to Donald Henderson, president of the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America, 50-52 Rust Building, Washington, D. C., and marked "For the Clarich Defense Fund."

HORACE BRYAN

Provisional President, District 8

San Antonio, Texas, November 28

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ALEXANDER WERTH is Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian.*

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